THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVI.—No. 1381
JUNE 4, 1930
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"LOVE AND HOW!"—By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

the BYSTANDER

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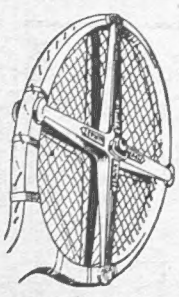

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"CELEBRITIES DISGUISED" COMPETITION

COUPON AND RULES (*See page 498*)

RULES

WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 498, write your solutions in ink on the form provided below.

Cut out the coupon, and keep it and all subsequent coupons until the competition ends.

You may submit as many sets as you please, but each set *must* be complete. Incomplete sets will be destroyed. In the event of a tie for the first place other "Celebrities Disguised" puzzles will be set until won outright. In the event of ties the money prizes will be divided equally.

No reader may win more than one prize.

The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Illustrated Newspapers and their families are not eligible to compete.

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58 As .....
59 As .....
60 As .....
61 As .....
62 As .....

Name .....
Address .....
.....

June 4

The Bystander, June 4, 1930

No. 1381. Vol. CVI

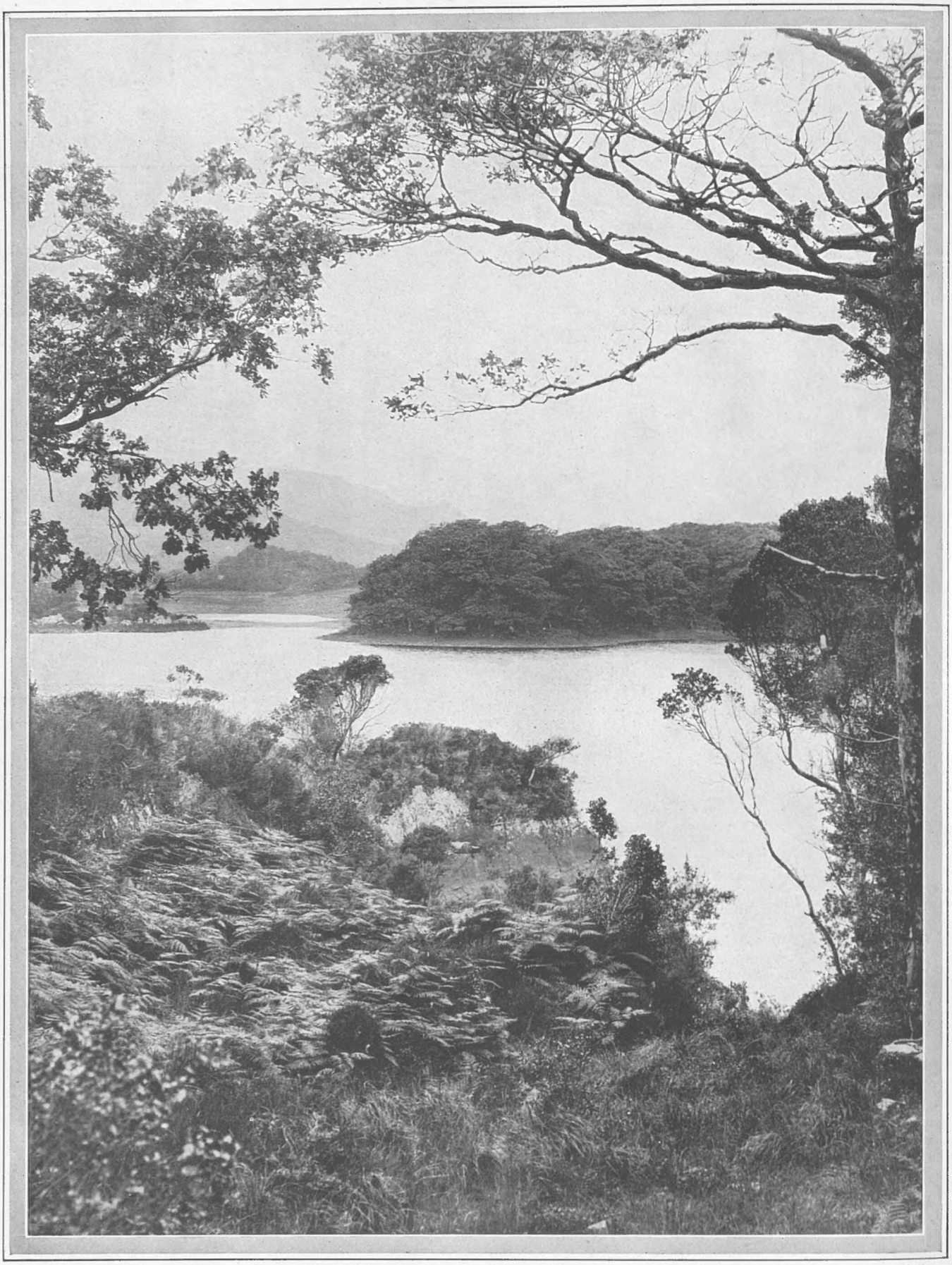
the BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

MISS LEONORA BROOKE

The daughter of Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, G.C.M.G., the Rajah of Sarawak, and the Hon. Lady Brooke, was among last year's debutantes. Her first book of poems, "Wild Orchids," was published recently

A CORNER OF ERIN'S ISLE



Topical

A view of the Upper Lake, Killarney, Co. Kerry, the property of the Earl of Kenmare. The Earl recently announced his intention of selling his estates in Ireland, and it is understood that he will take up his London residence in Eaton Square. He owns 10,000 acres in Killarney, together with Kenmare House, and a further 100,000 acres of shooting and fishing rights. The above view shows one of the most celebrated beauty spots in the country

The Passing Hour

STRANGE SCENE IN HYDE PARK! L.N.A.

Anyone who was not acquainted with the activities of the film world would have been greatly surprised one night last week had they been in Hyde Park about midnight. The place gave the appearance of having been besieged, several charabancs discharging an army of cameras, "stars," "supers," directors, and other film officials. However, it was only Basil Dean's company "shooting" scenes for the new talkie version of Galsworthy's famous play, "Escape." Sir Gerald du Maurier plays the leading rôle, and the band of the Welsh Guards takes part in it. The above photograph shows a crowd scene being taken by the bandstand in the early hours of the morning

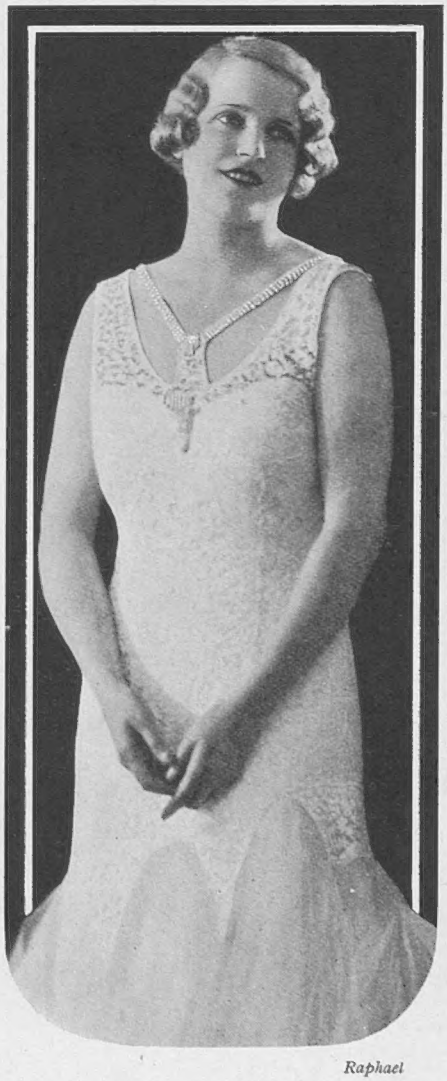
Now is the season of the Regimental Dinner. Private dances may be on the wane, but not so these annual reunions. Last night (Tuesday) there were no fewer than twenty of them. The 19th Hussars were at the Carlton. The Seventh were at the Ritz. The Sixteenth and the Fourth Hussars, and the Scots Greys were in different rooms at Claridge's. The Twenty-fourth Regiment was at the Café Royal. The "Tins" were at the Savoy. The Coldstreamers and the Third Hussars choose the May Fair, as also did the Fourteenth Punjabis.

Regiments Dine Out

Time was when the regiments used to dine in one of the military clubs. That fashion is going out. To-morrow night the Irish Guards go to Claridge's; the Welsh Guards go to the Hyde Park; the Indian Cavalry visit the Hotel Victoria. The Tenth Hussars will be at the Carlton—and so it goes on. With the exception of the Fifth Lancers and the Eleventh Hussars, who chose the Cavalry Club, they all preferred hotels or restaurants. Afterwards, as usual, the few remaining night clubs expected to be very busy.

Debs. and Dancing

It really must be rather a relief being a debutante this year. Think of the advantage of not being invited to one drill dance after another every night of the week for the next two months. There are only twenty in the whole of June. These charity balls, on the other hand, are becoming more and more like private dances in restaurants—an admirable mixture. An exception to the rule was the Empire Ball organised by Mrs. McCorquodale, the former Miss Barbara Cartland. It was a great success.



Raphael

Mrs. Eric Lovell in the All-British dress which she wore at the Roll Call Ball, recently held at the Savoy Hotel in aid of the "Buy British Goods" propaganda. The evening was a great success

The Drink Problem—How to Get It!

During the evening I met Mr. C. B. Cochran, who suggested a drink, and then found the utmost difficulty in persuading a waitress to bring it. In illustration of this, he told me how, years ago, when he was running a circus at the Albert Hall, the late Lord Northcliffe arrived without a ticket and sought admittance. Unfortunately, he did not tell the doorman who he was, and he was still unable to enter ten minutes later, when Cochran came by and immediately let him in.

Lord Northcliffe and Tact

"You think you are a great organiser, I suppose, Cochran," said Lord Northcliffe. "Well, let me tell you your organisation is not good. The whole secret of organisation is tact." "I agree," replied Cochran; "but you know, Lord Northcliffe, if I let all my doormen be tactful to people without tickets anxious to enter, I should make very little money indeed." Lord Northcliffe laughed, and all was well. "That is all right," he said, "and don't dismiss the man. I suppose he was only doing his duty."

An Unsolved Crime

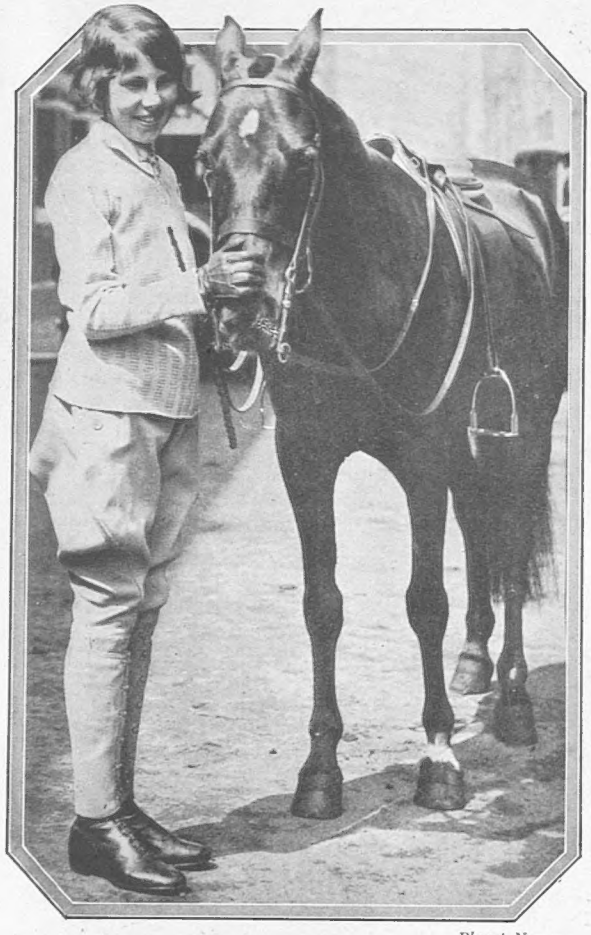
Many people will think that it is really rather bad luck on the unfortunate Ronald Light that his

A STIFF STAFF PROBLEM

past should be all dragged up again by the publication of H. R. Wakefield's account of the Green Bicycle case. As a matter of fact, Ronald Light is believed to have left this country some years ago in order to go and live in Australia. Incidentally, Colonel Rutherford, who was released not so long ago from Broadmoor, did not, after all, go to Canada, as he was supposed to have done. He is now a doctor in Persia, his training in the R.A.M.C. having stood him in good stead.

Trafalgar Square Meals

THE new restaurant in Trafalgar Square will be, I think, a success. It was crowded at the opening night. Sir Frank Newnes was there, as well as the editors of two rival newspapers, together with their wives. The wines are excellent, and so is the cooking. I recognised several of the waiters as having been taken from the Berkeley and elsewhere. The two partners were formerly at the Carlton and the Piccadilly. My only complaint is the feminine one that the lighting makes women search for their powder-puffs each time they look at their hand-mirrors. However, I do not suppose for one moment that this will interfere with the success of the Trafalgar Restaurant.



Planet News

MISS "MICKEY" DANCKWERTS

Granddaughter of Mr. H. O. Danckwerts, K.C., the well-known barrister, with her pony, "Cadogan Elizabeth," which she will ride in the Olympia and Richmond Horse Shows

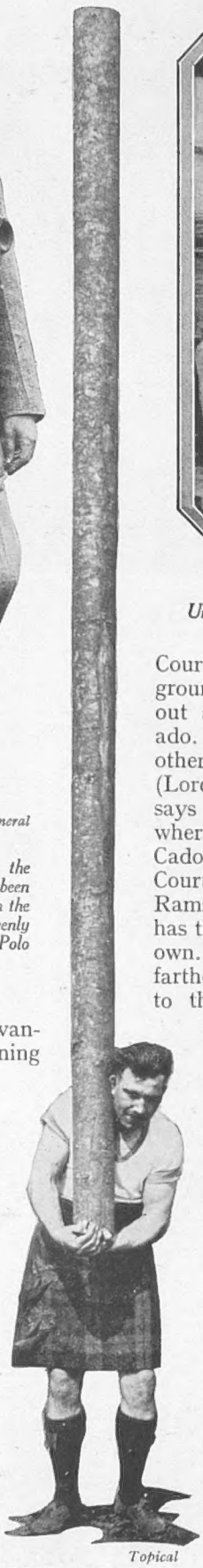
Sport and General

MR. H. C. COX

The new joint master of the Beaufort Hunt. He has been appointed in association with the Duke of Beaufort, and is keenly interested in the Beaufort Polo Club

At Knole Park

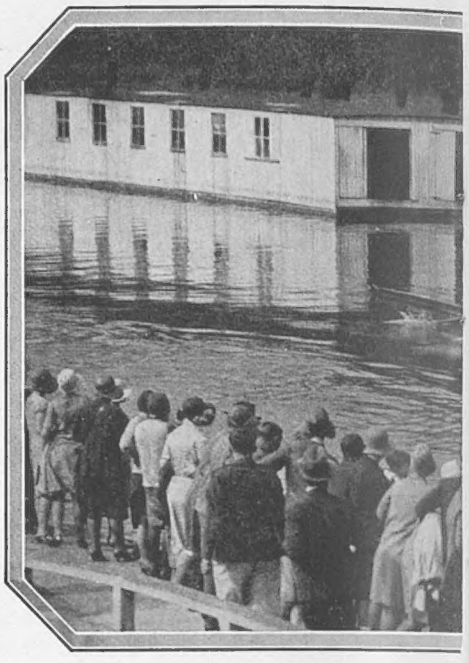
THERE are disadvantages even in owning so lovely a place as Knole Park, which I visited the other day. Lady Sackville was saying that her guests want to be shown over her marvellous home at all hours of the day. Sometimes her husband has been compelled to take as many as three parties over the house in the same day. As one needs at least an hour to do this each time, one can imagine how tiring this can be. Lord Sackville himself is a very keen golfer. This taste is easily gratified because the Knole Golf Course is first class, and skirts the grounds. Thus one can go straight out and play without any more ado. One of the guests there the other week-end was Mrs. Ramsay (Lord Beaverbrook's sister). She says that wherever she goes and wherever she lives, whether it is Cadogan Square or St. James's Court, there is always another Mrs. Ramsay near by, whose husband has the same Christian name as her own. The coincidence went farther. Both had children born to them within a week of each other, and of course all the letters of congratulation got muddled up.



Topical

SCOTLAND COMES SOUTH

Sergeant Holmes tossing the caber during the 2nd Battalion Black Watch games at Colchester



University II about to bump Worcester II during the Head of the River.

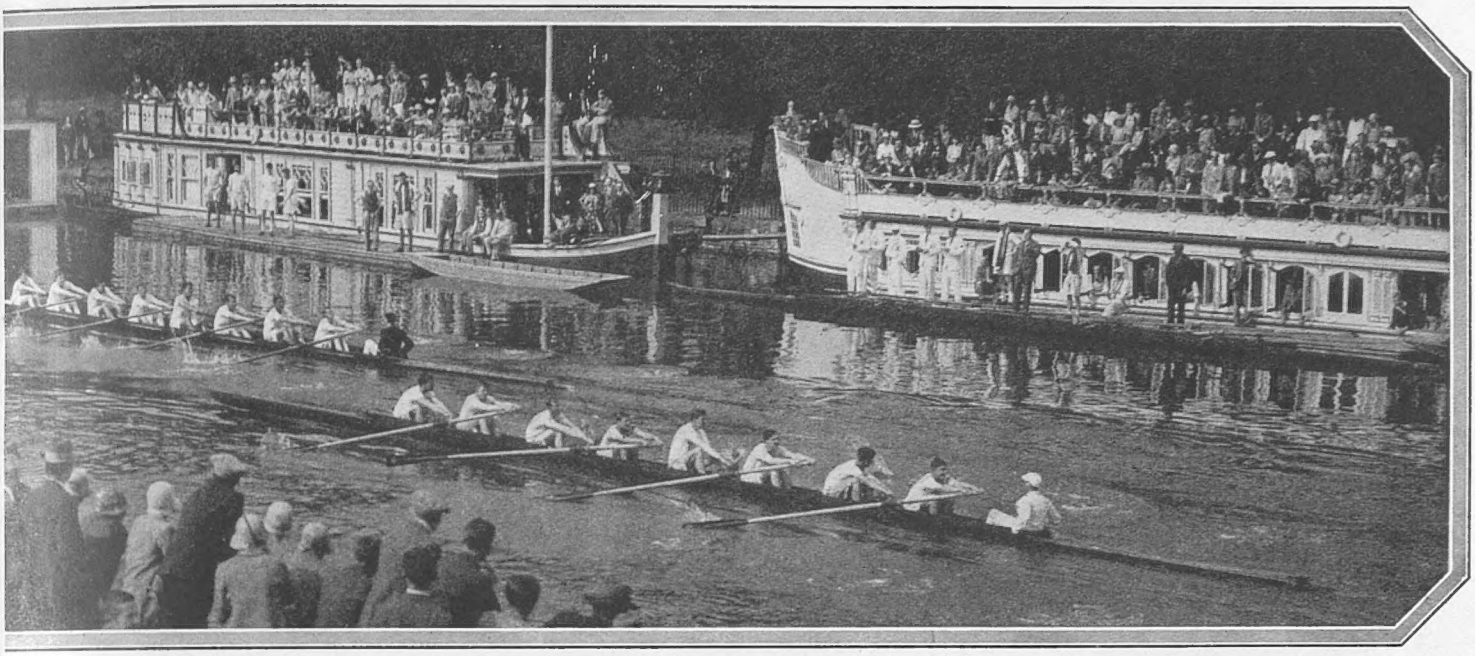
A Staff Problem

I HAVE often wondered how many servants are necessary to keep up such a big place as Knole in such perfect order. The answer is twenty inside the house and fifty-five out. Meantime, many of the more famous Vandycks have been cleaned, and Knole is more fascinating than it has ever been. Knole has, I am told, no fewer than sixteen courtyards. Goodness knows how many bedrooms there are. But each was the favourite of some King or Archbishop.

One More Court

THERE is only one more Court now—on July 10. This coincides with the Midnight Revue at the London

FROM PALACE TO PAVILION



RIVALRY ON THE ISIS — Central Press

Eights week at Oxford. Brasenose College rowed through on all six occasions, thus maintaining their position as The above photograph was taken from the towpath opposite the University barges

Pavilion. Rowland Leigh, who wrote Maisie Gay's hunting song in the present revue, is thinking of writing a special one in which she would be seen representing a debutante just returned from Buckingham Palace. It sounds as though it could be very funny. Already £5,000 has been paid for stalls and boxes, and there are still a few more to be sold. Altogether, the British Legion ought to benefit to a large extent.

Ins and Outs

THERE is a great deal of excitement at the moment in the home of a very well-known peeress's brother-in-law. His wife asked him whether he minded her dining with a friend of hers. He replied reasonably enough that he did not. She thanked him, went out to dinner, and has not come back. She is somewhere on the Continent at the moment, but more than that cannot be said in print.

Miss Eugenie Freeman, elder daughter of Mr. Marshall Freeman and of Mrs. Freeman, of Beckenham, whose engagement to Mr. Wilfred Fordham, has been announced

MISS JOSEPHINE FLETCHER — V. Poole

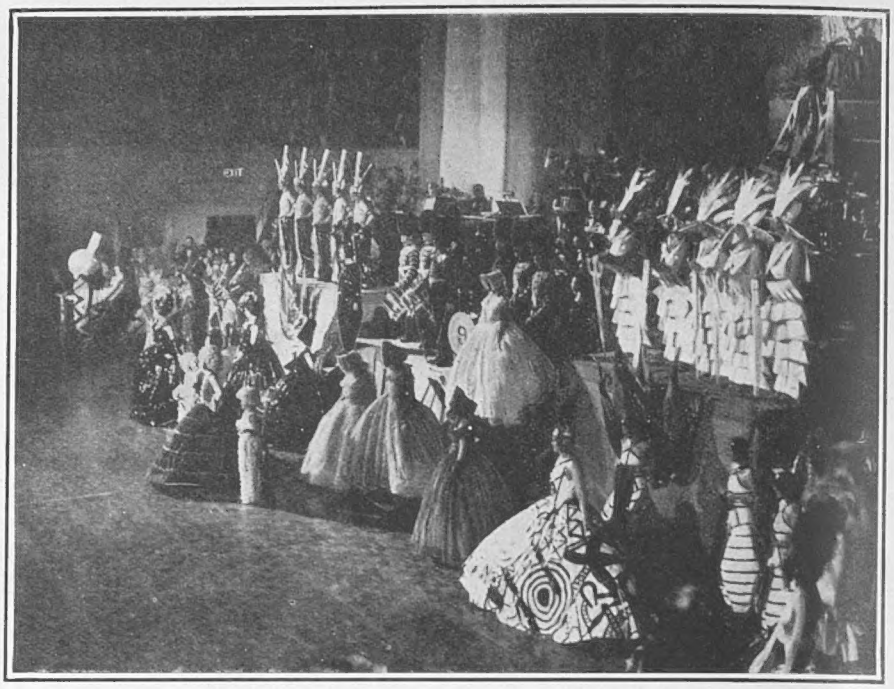
Daughter of Capt. Andrew Fletcher, whose engagement to Viscount Pollington, heir to the Earl of Mexborough, has been announced. Miss Fletcher and her father have just been enjoying excellent salmon fishing at Slane, on the River Boyne, Co. Meath

Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere, the daughter of Major James Hope-Vere, is to be one of the bridesmaids at the forthcoming marriage between Miss Maureen Guinness and the Earl of Ava

BEFORE AMY JOHNSON "ARRIVED"

Circumstances Alter Graces

THE world will never know the truth about the rebuffs that Amy Johnson received at the hands of Fleet Street when she asked for encouragement and financial assistance before setting out on her flight. But it would make very amusing reading now, and there are several editors who are kicking themselves for not having taken a chance. The truth of the matter was that Amy Johnson showed herself to be so unassuming, and wanted so little fuss made of her until she had completed her flight that she did not impress, and, unless you bang very loudly on the biggest of big drums, no one heeds you nowadays.



G.P.U.

The scene at the Albert Hall on the arrival of the Prince of Wales at the Empire Ball Members of the pageant, "Britain and Her Industries," which was one of the chief features of the ball, are seen lined up facing the Royal Box, with the drummers of a Guards' battalion standing behind them

P. and A.

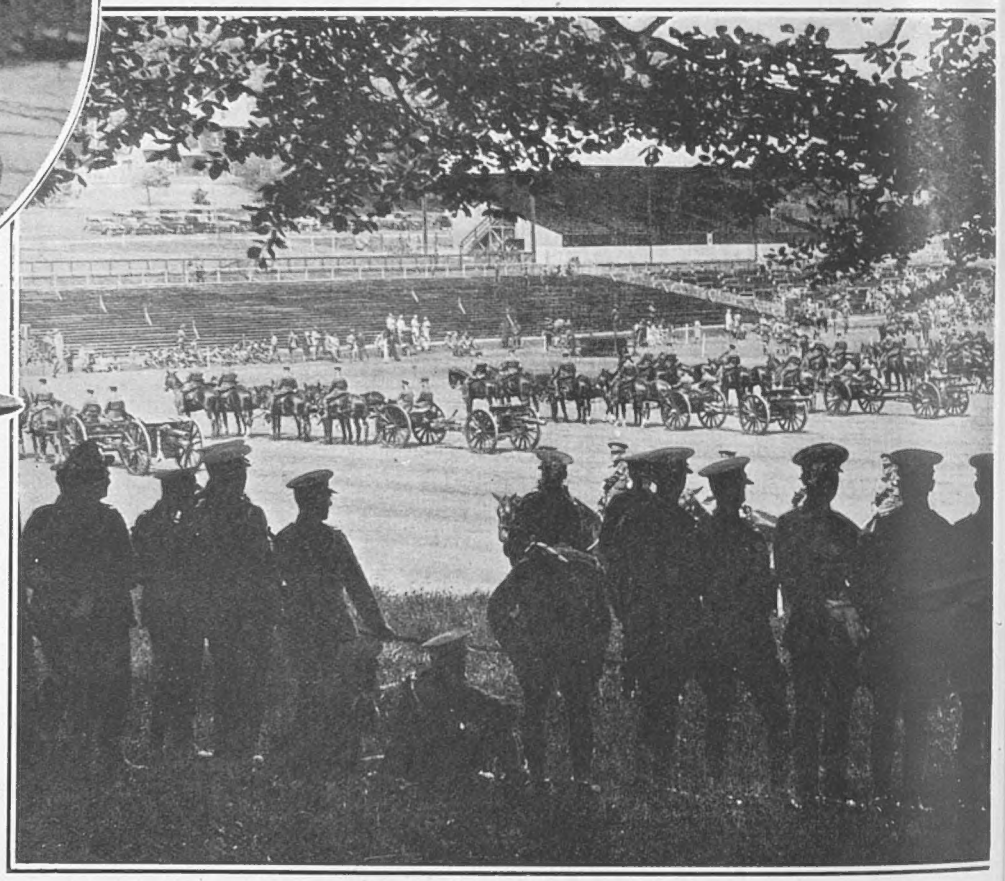
The Master of Gray, Capt. the Hon. Lindsay Stuart Campbell-Gray, M.C., and his fiancée, Miss Doreen Tubbs, whose wedding will take place in London in the near future. Capt Campbell-Gray, who served with distinction in the War, was later A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Nigeria

Arresting News

THE arrest of Mr. Edward Tatham cannot be allowed to pass without comment. That cheerful young man is being pestered by reporters in New

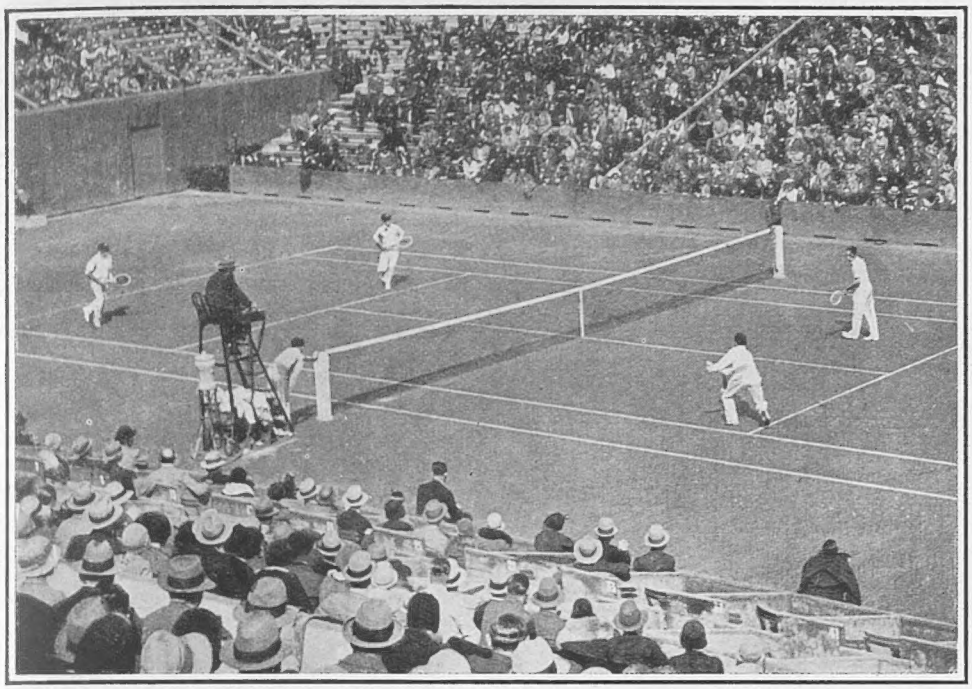
Wings of Poesy—and Planes

IT is an odd fact that the fiancée of Mr. Bob Little, who, with Captain Barnard, piloted the Duchess of Bedford to Cape Town and back, is also a Miss Johnson. She is a very pretty girl indeed, but is, of course, no relation to the now famous Amy. I wonder, incidentally, whether Mr. John Masefield will signalise his elevation to the post of Poet Laureate by writing a narrative poem on her achievement. It is a great opportunity.



A general view of the judging rings, showing classes for Inter-Section competition in the 2nd Cavalry Brigade Southern Command Horse Show This took place last week at

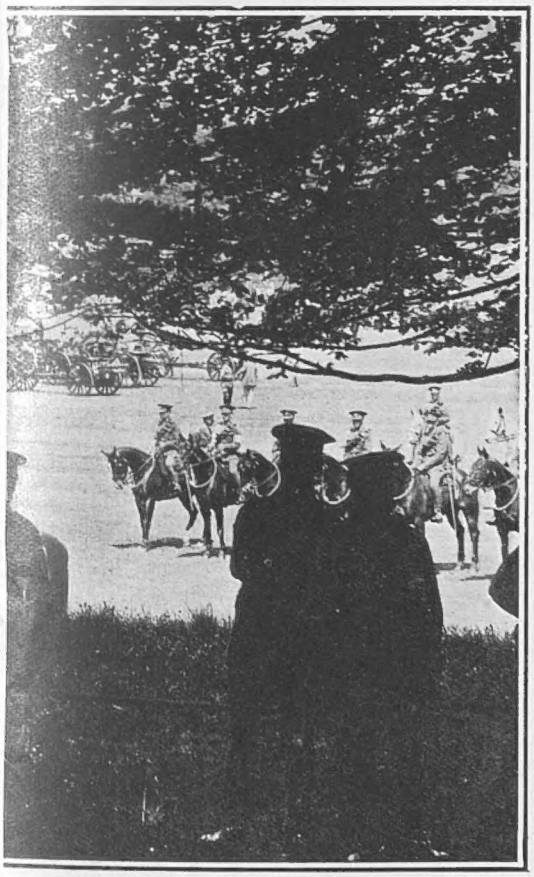
A CHANCE FOR ENGLISH FILMS



Keystone

A view of the final of the men's doubles in progress during the French championships in Paris. H. Cochet and J. Brugnon, seen on the right of the net, had quite an easy passage, beating the Australians, H O. Hopman and J Willard, in three straight sets, by 6—3 9—7, 6—3

York, as well as by Mr. Watts, the legal gentleman who is in charge of the case. His arrest must have shocked every chaperon in London. One of Mr. Tatham's claims to fame is that he has introduced numbers of polite slang words, several of which in turn have been incorporated into his Archie Moffat stories by P. G. Wodehouse. One of the most famous was the phrase "to beetle off."



Sport and General

and R.A Gun Teams lined up for the judges at the Tidworth

English Film Schemes

MR. FREDERICK LONSDALE, returning on the same ship as Lord Derby, is back in England full of schemes about an English film corporation with an English leading lady yet to be chosen. He tells me that she need not be a trained actress—preferably not, indeed. Let us look over the field of English beauties and see who would be suitable. The first person that occurs to one is the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton. She is striking, young, vivacious, with a good photographic face and a marvellous figure. She can fly an aeroplane, too, which is an added advantage for a potential film star.

A Suitable Choice

YES, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton would certainly be my first choice. If a blonde was wanted, who would be better than Mrs. Cecil Pim? Lady Plunkett, whom I saw the other night, would be admirable for the films, I should think, with her wistful beauty and peacock-coloured eyes. Mrs. Philip Kindersley would also make a fascinating heroine. She has a photogenic face, I am sure. Well, it will be very interesting to see who is chosen.

A Forthcoming Dance

IN the present dearth of private dances it is interesting to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth are going to give a dance early next month. It will be the first held at Warwick House for some years. Last time they had Miss Ruth Draper to entertain. Perhaps they will do so again.

Right in the Swim

IT is not kind just now to say "cockcrow" to a certain young ensign in the Guards. It reminds him that he is doing a fortnight of compulsory

Raphael

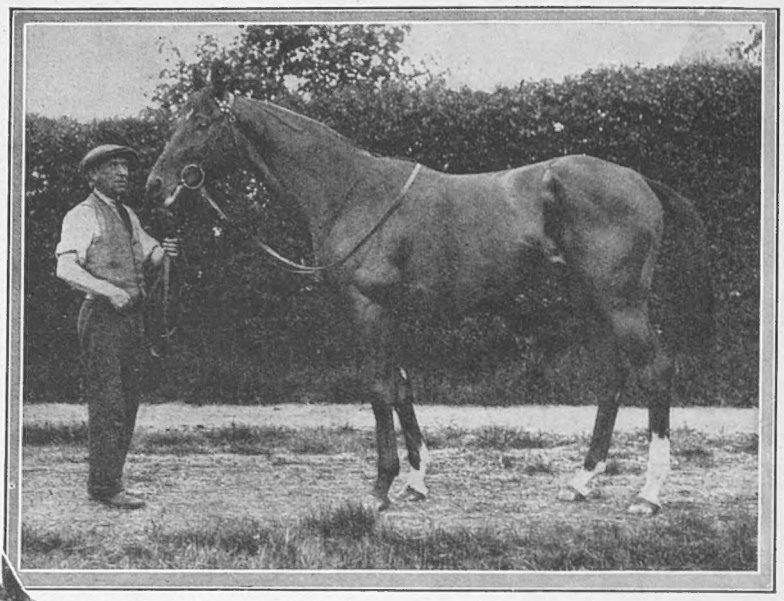
MME ARIF BEY

The wife of Semsettin Arif Bey Mardin Zade, the Third Secretary to the Turkish Embassy, who made her curtsey at the recent Court. She was presented by the Marquesa Merry del Val, the wife of the Spanish Ambassador

SOME FANCIED DERBY CANDIDATES

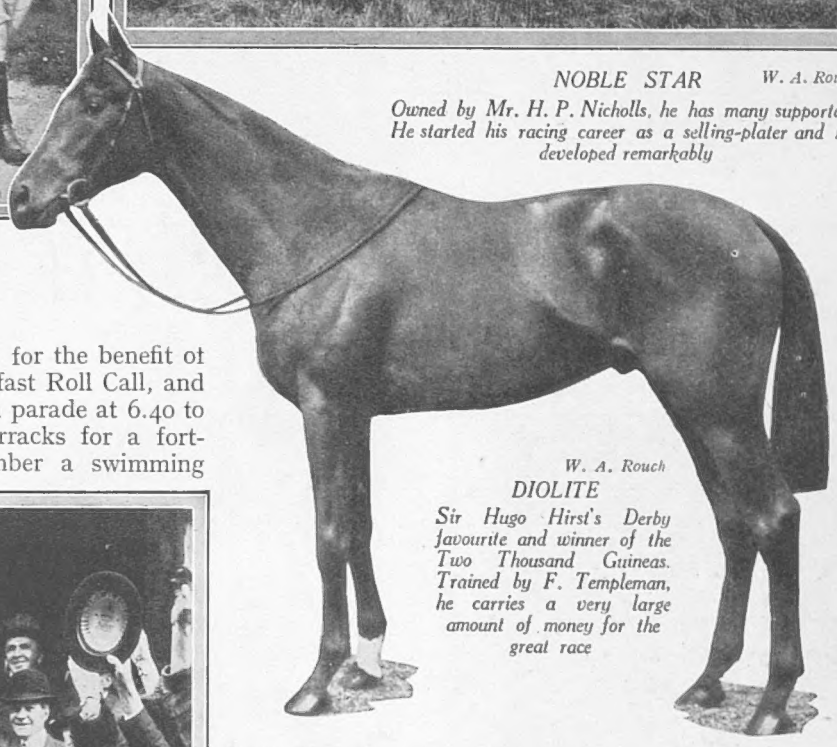
ILIAD *Central Press*

Mr. Somerville Tattersall's Derby candidate seen with R. Jones up. Trained by Lawson, it carries more than a little money



NOBLE STAR *W. A. Rouch*

Owned by Mr. H. P. Nicholls, he has many supporters. He started his racing career as a selling-plater and has developed remarkably

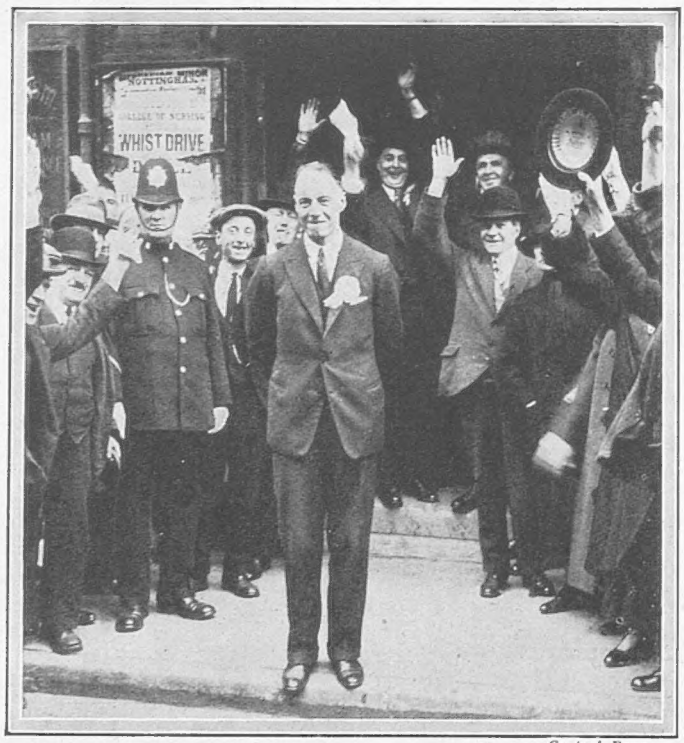


W. A. Rouch

DIOLITE

Sir Hugo Hirst's Derby favourite and winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. Trained by F. Templeman, he carries a very large amount of money for the great race

B.R.C. and swimming parades. B.R.C., for the benefit of those who are not soldiers, means Breakfast Roll Call, and the unfortunate young man has to be on parade at 6.40 to attend it. He also has to dine in barracks for a fortnight—all because he forgot to remember a swimming parade. His life is being made an added burden to him by the fact that his brother officers keep on sending him facetious telegrams on the subject.



Central Press

ANOTHER NAIL IN THE SOCIALISTS' COFFIN

Mr T. J. O'Connor, K.C., who held Nottingham for the Conservatives. He gained a majority of over seven thousand in this by-election, which was fought on Safeguarding, a question which affects the lace industry, of which Nottingham is one of the chief centres, very closely

Not Wearing the Trousers

GUESTS invited to the Derby ball given by Lady Ward were instructed to appear in knee-breeches, and therefore, among the irreverent, it was described as a "plus four" party. These affairs are always welcomed by the costumiers and shoe-makers—particularly the latter, because the average young man of to-day has to buy the requisite pumps specially for the occasion.

Difficult Crowds

THE match between Tolley and Wethered was practically a farce. Nobody who has failed to attend a golf championship final in the North can realise what the crowds are. They only allow a lane about thirty feet wide for the players to drive down off the tee. They stand just behind them, too. A man must have nerves of iron to hit the ball straight, especially as he knows that if he plays off the line he may easily kill someone.

SOME "SWEEPING" RESOLUTIONS

RUSTOM PASHA W. A. Rouch

The second favourite for the Derby, a position he has maintained steadily since the Two Thousand Guineas. He is owned by the Aga Khan, who also runs Blenheim

Central Press

A FANCIED HORSE

Lord Astor's Trews, with Dick up. He, together with Silver Flare and Diolite, is our Racing Correspondent's Derby selection

That is what will happen one of these days, as sure as fate, and then things will get better, but not before.

Nerves on the Course

THE strain on Bobby Jones has been so great in the past that he has regularly gone off after the first round and been literally and quietly ill. So if a man like that is affected, what about the others? Tolley has no nerves, but Wethered and some of the others undoubtedly have. The only thing to do would be to charge 5s. each for the privilege of walking on the course. This might prove effective—especially north of the Tweed!

Fox Photo

Admiral Sir Frederick Field, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who is to succeed Admiral Sir Charles Madden as First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff at the Admiralty. He will be succeeded in command of the Mediterranean Fleet by Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield

IF I WON THE CALCUTTA SWEEP

[*Being a mere handful of the hundreds of replies from well-known people to our startlingly original question, "What would* YOU *do were you to win the Calcutta Sweep?"*]

FROM LORD BIRKENHEAD

I would rather put nothing on paper until I have seen what Prof. Haldane has to say. One cannot be too careful in these days.

FROM MR. ARNOLD BENNETT

What would I do? I would stop writing. Which would at once give rise to the more pressing question, "What would the *Evening Standard* do—on Thursdays?"

FROM THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES

Strictly speaking, I ought to have had notice of this question. I may say, however, that if such an eventuality should arise in the immediate future the whole question of the legality of these sweepstakes will receive the careful consideration of His Majesty's Government.

FROM MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

You omit to state how many thousand words you require for the suggested article. I enclose my revised scale of charges, and would draw your attention to the very reasonable fee for the use of the popular photograph of myself in bathing costume.

FROM MR. AND MRS. JOHNSON

We opened your telegram to Amy in her absence. We feel confident that if Amy makes up her mind to win the Calcutta Sweep she will do it. Amy always succeeds in doing what

HORSES IT WILL PAY TO FOLLOW

SIX THOUSAND PEOPLE WATCH A STYMIE

Sport and General

The scene at the eighteenth green when Bobby Jones and Cyril Tolley were all square in the English Amateur Golf Championship, played at St. Andrews. At the extra hole Tolley ran up to within four feet, but was stymied by the American, thus losing a hard and well-fought match. Under the conditions, and in spite of the enormous crowd that followed the game, play on both sides was excellent. Other pictures will be found on page 486

she sets out to do. We are very proud of Amy and of what she has already done. If she is determined to win this sweep we have no doubt she will do it. Amy is not really a headstrong girl, but if—etc., etc., and so on.

FROM MR. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

To one thing I have made up my mind. If I should win I shall so earmark the money that even the *Morning Post's* ingenuity will be hard put to it to confuse it with a certain other Fund. Indeet, yes!

FROM SIR HARRY LAUDER

Man, Ar'm tellin' ye if Ah win yon sweep there'll be a collieshangie in Dunoon! Ah'll gie a wee bit treat tae the bairns, and then—and then, weel, see here, can ye recommend ony safe investments wi' a yield o' frae 7 tae 10 per cent?

FROM MISS WILHELMINA STITCH

Oh, if I win this mighty sweep, shall I be glad and gay? Shall I be sorry? Shall I weep and throw the cash away? Or shall I face things with a smile and try with all my might to help some lame dog o'er a style? Ah! surely that were right! Yes, if I win I hope I'll spend the money wisely, well; give to the poor and take a friend to dine at some hotel. And if there be a little left to spend upon myself I know a joyous book I long to have upon my shelf!

FROM MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

What'll I *do* with it? I should smile! Say, Boy! What's the matter with handing the boodle right over to Mary? I reckon my Mary'll know how to spend it without a guide, you betcha life! And how!

FROM MR. JUSTICE HORRIDGE

Would you mind telling me what exactly *is* the Calcutta Sweep?

W. H. B.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

CRESSET started a hot favourite for the Salisbury Stakes (five furlongs). Finished down the track but his failure must be forgiven. He was bumped and shut off at a critical stage and never had a chance. Was backed like a certainty.

FRANCONI was sixth in a big field over seven furlongs at Bath. Sharp money came for him just before the "off." Ran very fast and was well placed at the distance when he faded out. I shall back him over five or six furlongs.

CARAMELLO was with the leaders for a good distance in the Badminton Plate (five furlongs) at Bath, but lack of experience brought about his defeat. One of the best looking colts seen out this season. There was heavy wagering on him.

TREMOLIN left himself too much to do at York. Was heavily supported. Finished fourth over five furlongs. Losses will be recovered in the near future.

YELLOW DUN is a certain winner very soon. Was the medium of a quiet gamble. The juvenile found herself up against speedier beginners, but on recovering she ran on gamely to finish third to the smart Pharian.

SIDE CAR has been showing good form, and I predict an early victory. Just missed a place in a mile race at York where he started second favourite. Money was "blown" back for him. Follow up.

"The Bystander"
Double Summer Number
will be on sale
next Wednesday, June 11th.
Full of special features, many pages in full colour, skits, short stories and jokes, as well as all the usual features, it will be a DOUBLE NUMBER in all but the price, which will still be
ONE SHILLING

OUR PUBLIC MEN

Exclusively photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Howard Coster*

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS, BT.

The head of the Morris Cars firm, which, from small beginnings at Oxford, has now become of world-wide renown owing to the enterprise of its founder, who still seeks new worlds to conquer. Sir William is one of the leading industrialists who supports Empire Free Trade whole-heartedly

HOW to PLAY OFFICE GOLF

Being a Slight Protest Against the Latest and Most Prevalent Form of Big-Business Efficiency

By COREY FORD *Illustrated by NORMAN KAY*

"The switchboard operator passes the word to Central"

WHEN Mr. Tinkers, of the large and efficient brokerage firm of Tinkers, Evers and Chance, desires to speak with me on the telephone, the following scene occurs:—

First Mr. Tinkers tells his secretary to call Corey Ford. He then gets under his desk and pulls the waste-basket down over his head and hides. When he is well hidden, his secretary tells the local switchboard operator to call Corey Ford, and then hides herself, usually in some such place as the washroom or a lunch-counter a couple of streets away. The switchboard operator passes the word to Central, and then *she* hides, by putting on a false moustache and shading her eyes. And Central rings me; and from then on I am It, and the game is for me to hold the wire until I can discover (a) the switchboard operator, (b) Mr. Tinkers' secretary, (c) Mr. Tinkers, and (d) what Mr. Tinkers wants.

"I rinse off the soap again hurriedly, mop myself dry as best I can, fling a dressing-gown round me, trot into the next room, and lift up the receiver"

FOR example. My telephone rings, just as I have finished soaping myself comfortably in the shower. I rinse off the soap again hurriedly, mop myself dry as best I can, fling a dressing gown round me, trot into the next room and lift off the receiver. A pleasant female voice inquires if this is Larchmont 2393. I reply that it is.

"One moment, please."

I try to hold both mouthpiece and receiver in my left hand while I work a little soap out of the corner of my eye with the knuckle of my right, speculating idly on the nature of the call. Mentioned in Aunt Harriet's will? Invitation to a poker party? Proposal of marriage?

"Is this Larchmont 2393?" asks a second female voice.

I reply that it is.

"Mr. Corey Ford?"

I reply that it is.

"May I speak to Mr. Corey Ford?"

"It is," I reply. "I am. You are."

"Mr. Tinkers calling," she confides.

"Who?" I ask; but she has faded into silence.

Mr. Tinkers. Tinkers. The water is running down my arm and dripping steadily off my elbow. I shiver a little and draw the dressing gown a little closer round me. Tinkers.

"May I speak to Mr. Corey Ford?" asks a third female voice.

"This is Corey Ford."

"Is this Mr. Corey Ford?"

I reply that it is.

"Mr. Tinkers calling," she says, and disappears.

"Who is Mr. Tinkers?" I shout vainly down the mouthpiece after her.

There is quite a little wait this time, and I start shivering again. My dressing gown has soaked through, and a small pool of water has accumulated around me on the floor. There is a cigarette on the mantelpiece, but I don't dare put down the receiver in order to go over and get it.

"IS this Mr. Corey Ford?" asks the third voice again.

I reply that it is.

"I am very sorry," says the voice, "but Mr. Tinkers is talking on another line."

"What of it?"

"Mr. Tinkers wanted to speak with you," she explains with dignity.

"Then why is he talking to someone else?"

"I will call you back," replies the voice, and fades mysteriously into the silences, and I am left with the receiver in my hand and the beginning of a cold in my head. So I wander back into the shower and soap myself thoroughly again; and just as I have finished soaping myself the telephone—but why go into the gory details any further? If I ignore that telephone and let it ring, I worry all day. If I answer it, I repeat the whole process from Central to switchboard operator to Mr. Tinkers' secretary to (if I am lucky) Mr. Tinkers, only to learn that Mr. Tinkers is either anxious to sell me some insurance, ask me for a donation to the Institute for the Relief of Unmarried Mothers, or else is looking for another Mr. Ford.

This game is known, briefly, as Office Golf.

"After all, you only have to hold the machine upside down and shake it"

* * *

I WILL admit that I am not very keen on modern efficiency. Mechanical devices, as a rule, leave me slightly bewildered. A pencil sharpener (one of the simpler pencil-sharpeners, I mean, the kind where you put in a pencil and turn the handle) is just about as far as I care to go in scientific research. To be sure, I can usually take the old ribbon out of my typewriter—after all, you only have to hold the machine upside down and shake it, any fool can do that, and usually does—but I have to hire an expert mechanic to put the new ribbon in again. Electric toasters, snap cufflinks, and paper-towel machines simply baffle me. I'm not very good at opening the windows of railway carriages; and I have been known to walk miles to avoid a revolving door.

AND yet all these efficient devices are as an open book to me in comparison with the vast up-to-date system that has permeated the business organisations of this country to-day. Electric buzzers, filing systems, office memoranda, business conferences, expert accountants, and secretaries leave me in a perpetual state of jitters and it is, in fact, as a direct result of these well-oiled wheels of progress turning round and round in their efficient orbits, with all the gadgets of modern progress clicking smoothly together, that I have retired from civilisation and am now living in great disorder in an old pianobox on the top of Mount Washington, clad in a cotton loin-

" Labouring frantically to protect him from being disturbed by a visitor who has been waiting in the outer office since half-past three with a cheque for one hundred pounds "

In the accompanying skit Mr. Corey Ford gives us an inside view of the average business man's difficulties when he wishes to get in touch with an acquaintance by means of the telephone. He declares that it is comparable to a game of golf, and affords excellent sport

cloth and sending all my articles to THE BYSTANDER by an Indian runner named Ugh.

"I THINK I could have stood the rest of it, if it hadn't been for Secretaries. I might have grown used to electric buzzers and filing-cabinets; I might even have taken business conferences or left them alone; but Secretaries were too much for me.

You might say that modern business is Secretary-poor. The whole efficient system is riddled with them. There is no office so humble but that it has its energetic young lady who serves her employer with dog-like devotion, mixing up his appointments, reading his (female) mail, gloating over his bills, answering his telephone (sometimes twice, the second time in a disguised voice), and labouring frantically to protect him from being disturbed by a visitor who has been waiting in the outer office since half-past three with a cheque for one hundred pounds to pay off an old poker debt.

THE thing has reached the proportions of a national menace. Slowly but surely our leading executives are being relieved of all their duties by these efficient young ladies. Gradually they are being huddled farther and farther into their inner offices and cloistered there, lonely and out of touch with the rest of the world, the isolated prisoners of their own efficient system. There they sit at their empty desks all day, glancing moodily over the carbons of old correspondence (modern secretaries have learned to imitate their employers' signatures so well that there isn't even the fun of signing letters any more), lifting up the telephone, setting it down again hopelessly, ringing a buzzer for the afternoon paper, or leaning back idly with their ankles crossed before them, polishing their nails on their sleeves and staring despondently at the ever-present shadow crouched like a watch-dog outside the ground-glass partition forebodingly marked "ETAVIRP."

IT is getting so that any man who seeks to set himself up in business to-day must first surround himself with a secretary, if only to protect himself from other secretaries. These other secretaries, in turn, all strive to protect their employers from *his* secretary; and as a result all these employers are so carefully insulated against each other that there isn't a spark of contact left, and business is practically at a standstill.

ALREADY our big executives are nothing but mere figure-heads in the world of progress. Their secretaries one by one have assumed all their responsibilities. They have become almost extinct, like the buffalo or the United States Senate. They have seen the hand-writing on the wall. There is nothing left for the poor devils to do but amuse themselves as best they may; so perhaps we should not blame them if they indulge now and then in a little round of Office Golf.

AS far as I can determine it, Office Golf is played with two secretaries, Miss Mashie, let us say, and Miss Niblick (I'm just trying to carry out the Golf figure) and two switchboard operators, Miss Brassie and Miss Driving Iron. Miss Mashie's boss, Mr. Divot (if (if that is a Golfing term) is trying to get hold of Miss Niblick's boss, Mr. Shortstop (from now on, this game will be known as Office Baseball); and the fun is to see which Secretary can trap the other Secretary's boss into answering the phone first.

FOR example, Miss Brassie calls Miss Driving Iron and asks to speak with Mr. Shortstop. If Miss Driving Iron puts Mr. Shortstop directly " on the telephone," Miss Brassie wins the game at once. If, on the other hand, Miss Driving Iron calls Mr. Shortstop's secretary, Miss Niblick, Miss Niblick will then ask Miss Mashie (I'm losing track of it myself) who is calling. Miss Mashie will reply: " Mr. Divot." There are now three possibilities.

MISS NIBLICK will put Mr. Shortstop on the wire, and he will wait for Mr. Divot. (Score ten points for Miss Mashie.)

MISS MASHIE will put Mr. Divot on the wire, and he will wait for Mr. Shortstop. (Score ten points for Miss Niblick.)

MISS NIBLICK will insist upon knowing what Mr. Divot wants of Mr. Shortstop. Miss Mashie will reply that it is private. Miss Niblick will reply that Mr. Shortstop is in conference and cannot be disturbed. Miss Mashie will reply that it is very important. Miss Niblick will ask Miss Mashie to call back. Miss Mashie will call back, and ask to speak to Mr. Divot. Miss Niblick will ask to speak to Mr. Shortstop, and the game will continue thus until stopped on account of darkness.

AND, in the meantime, Mr. Divot and Mr. Shortstop will each tiptoe out and go over to the club; and there they will run into each other accidentally at the bar and settle the whole matter in two minutes. (Score ten points each for Mr. Divot and Mr. Shortstop. Game. Set. Match.)

C. F.

" And there they will run into each other accidentally at the bar and settle the whole matter in two minutes "

OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES ON THE

P. and A.

Mr. George Voigt, the famous American golfer, chatting with his compatriots, Mr. and Mrs. G. von Elm before playing off a round in the Amateur Championship at St. Andrews. He was given a hard fight in the second round by Mr. E. R. Tipple, a young Langley Park player, who lost only at the nineteenth hole

Sport and General

Mr. S. Roper approaching the second green during his match against Mr. "Bobbie" Jones in the second round of the Amateur Championship. Mr. Roper, who is an ex-miner, gave the American champion a very close game, finally losing by 3 and 2

L.N.A.

Miss Maureen O'Beine and Miss Lloyd-Bennett (second and third from the left), who have started a riding school at Barnes, seen with two of their pupils. They are making a great success of their venture, and—considering the unsettled state of the Theatre to-day—they have certainly shown "horse" sense—both literally and metaphorically—in taking up a new vocation

LINKS AND IN THE SADDLE

Sport and General

Mr. "Bobbie" Jones, who is playing as good golf as ever and is America's leading player. He is seen driving off from the second tee during a round of the Amateur Championships, which have been attracting record crowds to St. Andrews

P. and A.

Mr. A. Roark, who played back for the winning Blues in the second International Polo Trial, and Miss E. Weekbough. The photograph was taken at Hurlingham before the match started

P. and A.

The Blues Team which won the second International Polo Trial at Hurlingham by 8 goals to 6. They are: Major R. George (left), Mr. G. Balding, Capt. C. T. I. Roark and Mr. A. Roark

P. and A.

The Whites, who were beaten by the Blues in the Second International Polo Trial at Hurlingham. The team comprises Mr. S. Sandford (left), Mr. L. L. Lacey, Major E. G. Atkinson and Colonel R. K. Wise

RUTH DRAPER RETURNS

Studies in Character

Ruth Draper, who opens her "one-woman show" at the Vaudeville Theatre on June 9, is seen on the left as an American tourist

Once more Ruth Draper imparting a touch of sadness to the character of a Dalmatian peasant

Here is Ruth Draper herself in her habit as she lives

And here she is seen as a laughing young Italian girl in her sketch, "In a Church in Florence"

Finally, Ruth Draper appears above in the sketch, "Three Women and Mrs. Clifford," as the very efficient private secretary. This versatile entertainer-actress returns to London after an absence of two years, and her short season will, as usual, draw packed houses

THE LITERARY SHOW

THIS POETRY BUSINESS

By J. A. HAMMERTON

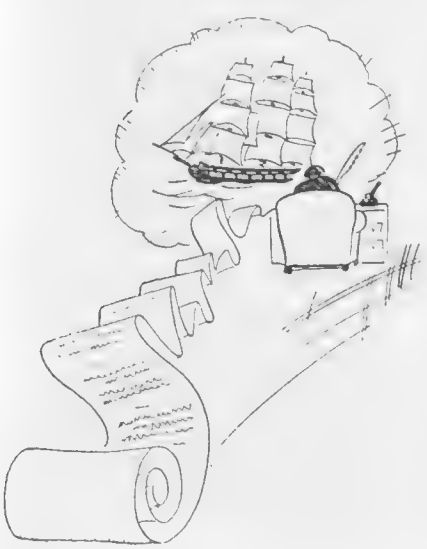
Illustrations by NORMAN KEENE

"When a new book appears, read an old one" has long since become a counsel of perfection. New books appear so fast that we cannot read enough old ones to keep pace with them. But it is an ideal towards which I strive spasmodically. This last week, for instance, when, having read several recent books about poets and poetry, I took Alfred Austin's long-forgotten work of criticism, *The Poetry of the Period*, from its shelf in my library to see what the Poet Laureate, from whose brows Dr. Bridges inherited his bays, had to say of the poets of sixty years ago. I well knew that this old book was not a good one; but if one read only good books, old or new, one would soon have too much leisure. Besides, a book that is contemptible as literature may sometimes be as instructive or amusing as a masterpiece.

My copy of Austin's venture in criticism was thirty years old when I picked it up in Charing Cross Road, and it may be nearly as many years since I last looked into it; but I find that I annotated it very freely at the time. I am glad that my indignation with the writer revived at a re-reading. I should not like to think that I was growing indifferent to the literary passions of my earlier years. And Austin, with his sleek self-satisfaction, his sniffing superiority as a critic, and his despicable performance as a poet, always irritated me. He was thirty-five when he wrote his scathing criticism of his immeasurably superior contemporaries.

Who were they? Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Arnold, William Morris, to mention five only from a shining scroll of fame that makes Mr. Charles Williams's list of living poets in his recently published *Poetry at Present* look dull and lustreless. Yet a sorry lot in Alfred Austin's opinion. He did, however, anticipate the thirty-five-year-olds of our later day by putting Tennyson where most of them would place him. "Among poets of the third rank," and "not even at the head of them!" Tennyson, he said, had "no height"; Browning, whom he deemed no poet at all, "no depth." Fused together, they might have made a "two-dimensional" poet, to quote an epithet from Mr. Williams, whose *Poetry at Present* is an attempt to do for the poets of 1930 what Austin was doing for those of 1870. Only, Mr Williams does not give the poor wights so much gruel; he is more inclined to dish them out honeyed helpings.

"When a new book appears, read an old one"



"Reams of such trash as his stanzas on Trafalgar Day"

Austin's chief complaint against his great contemporaries was their femininity. Swinburne especially. But was it a "feminine muse" that inspired Tennyson's *Fatima*, from which he quotes the following to illustrate another point?

My whole soul waiting silently,
All naked in a sultry sky,
Droops blinding with his piercing eye:
I *will* possess him, or will die.
I will grow round him in his place;
Grow, live, die looking on his face;
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace.

Then all our poetry of passion, all our fiction of to-day that reveals a masculine understanding of the eternally feminine, is inspired by a "feminine muse." And, when you think of it, is not that the proper gender of the muses? The poetaster who could belittle Tennyson, whom, by an ironic fate (and political intrigue), he followed in the Laureateship, had the effrontery to print reams of such trash as his stanzas on Trafalgar Day which I find I cut from *The Times* in 1909. Do these lines stir your pulse? Can you feel any thrill after reading them?

Unto us faithful clings the Sea,
And from us asks no more
Than we to it should faithful be,
As in great days of yore.

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, the famous novelist, with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Noel Downes, are now taking the waters at Aix-les-Bains. They are seen above watching the tennis at Monte Carlo

Or these?

There Nelson balked land-despots' aim,
From home upon the spray,
Sailor, whose universal fame
We celebrate to-day.

Bridges will be remembered among our Laureates as the strong, silent one, but his magnificent muteness on all

plausible occasions for an official ode was the very essence of great poetry by comparison with the twitterings of an Austin. With the succession of John Masefield to the bays, all of us who have some regard for poetry should be happy. The shade of Austin may even find him "masculine." And if he does no worse than Tennyson on any great national occasion that may arise he will not do too badly. I am still an admirer of Tennyson, of Browning, and Swinburne. Indeed, I seem to admire all the poets of whom Austin had so poor an opinion.

THERE is a present tendency to discuss the mere poetics of poetry without any regard to its content. Miss Edith Sitwell, who both writes poetry and writes about it, might be cited as one who chatters too technically about her art instead of "getting on with it." If Shakespeare had frittered away as much of his time analysing his own and other poetry as Miss Sitwell and other poets of our time are devoting to that barren pursuit, we should have been the poorer by some of his best plays. I confess to little patience with the poets who can glibly tell you how the trick is done.

Few of the really great poets have ever been so well up in their technique as the lesser ones. I am confident that Shakespeare knew far less than Miss Sitwell or Mr. Charles Williams about iambics, anapæsts, trochees, and spondees. And yet——! He merely happened to be born a poet, just as some persons are born golfers. Theorising always follows achievement. The good golfer is induced to tell others how he makes his shots, whereupon he begins to invent theories to fit his practice. But the truth is that he doesn't know. And there were poets before there were anapæsts or iambics. Homer knew less about the poetics of *The Iliad* than Aristotle, who theorised about his poetry four centuries later.

"Her attitude of contemptuous superiority"

I HAVE mentioned Miss Edith Sitwell, chiefly, I think, because I have recently read her *Alexander Pope*. I have never been one of her admirers. My opinion of her poetry does not coincide with her own, though I have always preferred it to her miscellaneous newspaper prose. This has usually offended me by its amateurish style, the author's arrogance in expressing her views, her attitude of contemptuous superiority, her feminine petulance. Yet here I am ready to bow down to her, to take off my hat to her, to give her three cheers! This *Alexander Pope* is a work that does credit to both her heart and head. That is what comes of a "fellow-feeling" for a particular author.

POPE would have seemed to me the most unlikely poet to gain Miss Sitwell's affection. His wisdom, his knowledge of humanity, his sensibility, above all, his lucidity, are attributes of his poetry for which in her own work Miss Sitwell has so far shown no great enthusiasm. She has always been less anxious to have something to say than to compose agreeable word patterns. This brilliant study of Pope, as man and poet, is worth much of her debatable poetry, although it is not entirely free from errors of style and taste. She still indulges her weakness for framing a fanciful proposition as a statement of truth and then gallantly demolishing it. She still reminds all who differ from her that they are stupid, or ignorant, or labour under some other disability. She still writes "different to," and can write "the slightest of the pauses in the second line *give*," while in the next sentence she builds up a group of four "facts" into one, which the singular of the same verb is made to carry. Small faults, but not to be ignored in an essay on the right use of words.

THE amusing drawing on the dust cover by Rex Whistler, showing the gaunt length of Miss Sitwell posed against a bust of Pope, may strike some as in questionable taste. As a caricature for THE BYSTANDER it would be in every way admirable, but to enclose a book which, though concerned with a great satirist and written by one who is nothing if not satirical, is still a serious piece of criticism, it errs on the side of levity. Let it be said, however, that there is no attempt to make the lady more beautiful than she is. Rather, if possible, the reverse.

J. A. Hammerton

IRISH TWIN DEBUTANTES

Miss Aline Dupen and Miss Joan Dupen, an undergraduate at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, the twenty-year-old twin daughters of the late Captain A. P. L. Dupen, R.N., who were presented by their mother, Mrs. Guy Cross, at the third Court of the season. Mrs. Cross is the wife of Colonel E. G. K. Cross, D.S.O., late of the 7th Hussars

BY FRANK FORD

SHE: "*What do you consider the most wonderful thing that Science has given to Man?*"
HE: "*Blondes!*"

If — — — Gossip We

"FORWARD INTO BATTLE" Keystone

Two stalwart sailors of Drake's navy hurrying on to parade. The "vessel" seen above is not a relic of the Armada, but only the best way by which participators in the first dress rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo could reach the arena.

"ENGLAND," I read the other day, "has reason to be proud of her two heroines—Amy Johnson and Diana Fishwick." Now that, from its imbecile lack of proportion, is a significant sentence. One girl plays golf cleverly, and the other flies to Australia all alone in a second-hand single-engined aeroplane, braving sharks, savages, monsoons and missionaries for about three weeks. Yet, because this is England, not one person in 10,000 will see anything incongruous in coupling together these two girls.

We are so obsessed with games and with prowess at anything connected with hitting a ball, or throwing a ball, or catching a ball, or putting a ball into a hole that we are quite ready to place anyone possessed of such powers on a level with one who has undergone every imaginable hardship and danger for day after day, and has succeeded in doing what no woman has ever done before. I am not minimising Miss Fishwick's achievement on the golf links. Good luck to her! I am only saying that compared with Miss Johnson's achievements over the Timor Sea and elsewhere it is just nothing.

NOTHING can detract from Amy Johnson's superb feat. But the daily Press have done their damnedest to do so by the manner, half hysterical and half vulgarly commercial, in which they handled what they rightly scented as "a good story." That Amy was promptly described as "a twenty-two-year-old typist" (as if she had stepped straight from an office in Cheapside to her aeroplane), instead of a trained engineer of twenty-six is a detail. What *has* decreased her prestige (though not the admiration for her actual flight) is the way she has been snapped up as the exclusive property of one enterprising journal, made to send messages emphasising this point, and obviously had her despatch gingered up with a lot of sob-stuff of the type that journal's readers are supposed to like. The chances are that they *don't* like it, but it is Fleet Street's way to imagine that they do.

Amy, tempted, doubtless, by sums of money such as have never before come within her range, cannot be blamed for having succumbed. But the price has been that she is now regarded not so much as a national heroine as a *Daily Mail* stunt. A pity!

I SUPPOSE it is the trend of the times. But this vulgarising of almost every incident in contemporary history, this turning of a journalistic spot-lime on to anyone who does anything out of the ordinary, whether it be heroic or criminal, is becoming exasperating.

EDITH EVANS

Who will again be seen in "The Beaux' Strategem" when it is revived on June 11 by Sir Nigel Playfair. Godfrey Tearle will be included in the cast when this revival is seen at the Royalty Theatre

"DISHONOURED LADY"

A scene from this American drama, showing Madelaine fascinated, yet repelled, by Jose Moreno (Harold Huth), a poisons with

Must.

At one time such folk "went on the music-halls" as a matter of course. Now they "go to a paper." Romance is killed by these horribly business-like proceedings. We have long looked on Grace Darling as a picturesque heroine. But if she were to do her brave deed in 1930 she would be on the staff of the Daily Something or other in double quick time, her reminiscences would come out every Sunday in serial form, and the lifeboat she rowed would be gaped at in the window of a big store.

And all over the place would be announcements that she trained on this or that firm's patent food, wore X shoes, and Y stockings, and preferred (photographed, smiling, with one foot on the running-board) her new Z car to all other makes. Thus do we commercialise heroism and all it stands for in this year of grace.

By Frank Whitburn

Well-meaning Lady (*to author*): "Saw your play last night—just the thing for a dull evening!"

There was a certain amount of watering of mouths and champing of jaws as the stale old Tranby Croft scandal was brought into the light again after all these years by the death of Sir William Gordon-Cumming. How anyone who had not cheated at cards could ever be induced, Prince of Wales or no Prince of Wales, to sign a document suggesting that he had, I cannot understand.

It is said that the whole thing leaked out through a peeress who is now famous for her Socialistic principles, but was then at the height of her youthful beauty, and "plunged," as the novelists say, "into the vortex of fashion." Mrs. Wilson, the hostess, died a couple of years ago. I remember, when I was extremely youthful, seeing in a London street, outside a tobacconist's of that name, an answered query: "Where do you get your bacca(r)at? Why, Wilson's to be sure!" A rather neat punning advertisement of the topical type.

AT THE PLAYHOUSE Stage Photo Co.

Carey (Fay Compton) as the very unheroic heroine, night-club dancing Dago, whom, later on, she strychnine

MLLE. LYDIA LOPOKOVA Lenare

Who in private life is Mrs. M. Keynes, will shortly be seen on the London stage again in a short sketch by Franz Molner at the new Grafton Theatre. She is making great efforts to establish a Ballet Society in England

The Royal Command variety performance at the Palladium was, I suppose, a success. Anyway, the place was packed. I'm afraid I did not think it a particularly merry affair. Their Majesties laughed because there were some things to laugh at, and

THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE MUSIC HALL

PEGGY ASHCROFT *Mabel Robey*

Who has scored a pronounced success as Desdemona, which she plays opposite the Moor of Venice of the famous negro actor, Paul Robeson, in Maurice Browne's revival of "Othello." It is now running at the Savoy Theatre

By S. Hurley

He: "Do let me introduce you to my wife. She's heard *such* a lot about you!"
Famous Actress (*hastily*): "She can't *prove* anything!"

because no King and Queen in the history of the world have done their duty more conscientiously. But if King George and Queen Mary were suddenly to pay a visit, unheralded, to, say, the Holborn Empire, they would get a far better idea of what a typical music-hall entertainment is like, and they would probably enjoy themselves more.

Possibly, too, they would be saved the embarrassment of 90 per cent. of the audience gazing all the time at the Royal box instead of at the stage, and, whenever a comedian cracked a joke, switching their necks round to see whether the Queen was laughing at it.

ISOBEL ELSOM *Janet Jevons*

Who will be seen in an important rôle in the West End in the near future. She is to play lead in "The Command to Love," which is to be produced at Daly's on June 10

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

No. 5—THE DRESSER

"SALLY, where's my wet-white?
"Sally, where's my hat?
"Sally, you've forgotten this.
"Sally, get me that."
Don't she get me on the run,
Fairly keeps me dancing,
Little guessin' it's through me
All them first-night crowd agree
"Lola's still a joy to see—
"Really looks entrancing!"

"Sally, where's my hare's foot?
"Sally, tack this skirt.
"Sally, you must stretch these shoes;
"Heavens, how they hurt!"
Don't she order me about!
Don't she need some calming,
Little seein' it's the way
That I minds 'er, keeps 'er gay
Makes them critics say next day,
"Lola's really charming!"

"Sally, where's my eye-black?
"Sally, air these clothes.
"Sally, you've forgotten these,
"Sally, find me those"
Don't she get the jumps all right!
Don't I fairly bless 'er!
But I smiles for well I know
When she starts creatin' so
She'd make a pretty rummy show
Without 'er poor old dresser! B. W.

THE "DAILY HERALD" AND THE EMPIRE

WHEN Their Majesties were at the Opera the previous night there were no such displays of bad manners, and the Royal box was not stared at through glasses the whole of the evening, or even for any appreciable part of it.

TALKING of the opera, the Italian season was ushered in with *Norma*, a dull work, beautifully sung. The American prima donna, Rosa Ponselle, seemed to have drawn half the Americans in London to listen to her, and between 8 and 11 the Savoy Hotel must have been almost deserted. The cheaper parts were crowded with Italian waiters, who "bis'ed" and "bravoed" the tenor with native warmth.

But there is a different atmosphere about the Italian season at Covent Garden, quite apart from the fact that the house is not, usually, so full that applause breaks out in the middle of an Act, and that people in the stalls come and go at their own sweet will, and nobody seems to mind being disturbed.

THE strange thing is that this year the German operas have, so far, drawn not only larger but more distinguished and better-dressed audiences than the Italian ones. It used to be the other way about, Wagner being attended mainly by a rather stuffy and learned gang whose love of music excused eccentricities in dress and appearance.

The change can only mean that the love of real music is spreading upwards. So much the better. But in one respect the characteristics of the two sections of Covent Garden's opera season remain unchanged. Lovers of German opera eat more. Lovers of Italian opera drink more. The buffet statistics are surprising.

Photopress

Mr. John Masefield, the new Poet Laureate, who took an active interest in the recent production of "Samson Agonistes" by members of Exeter College, Oxford, discussing her part with Mrs. E. Coghill, who played Dalila. The play was presented in the College Garden every day during May Week

BY FRANK FORD

"Now, Billy, mind the Toot-Toot"

"My dear mater, that's not a Toot-Toot! It happens to be the new Harvey-Richardson 24/60 Straight Eight Sedan fitted with Stoppo controlled braking and hydraulic shock-absorbers!"

THE *Daily Herald* turns on its not-very-funny man almost daily to poke fun at Lord Beaverbrook. This probably has about as much effect on Lord Beaverbrook as a pea gently flicked at the flank of an elephant. But the stick which this ponderous Labour humorist chooses for his unsubtle belabouring is Lord Beaverbrook's enthusiasm for the British Empire. There is a sneer at the Empire in almost every paragraph of this precious paragraphist. Now, if anyone wants to hate the Empire, let him hate it. But to do so in the columns of a capitalist paper such as the *Daily Herald* is hardly playing the game; the *Daily Worker* (a far more honest organ, though I disagree with every word in it) should be his platform.

A MORE serious point is that it is little short of disgraceful for a paper which is the official organ of the Government to abuse Imperialism with India in a condition of revolt. Or do both the Government and its journal wish to see the Empire fall to pieces and to play right into the hands of revolutionary agitators, egged on, and paid, by the Soviet? If so, wouldn't it be more decent to lay aside all pretence and say so?

"WHAT'S in a name?" is a tag not always easy to answer, but if it is used in reference to our "Celebrities Disguised" Competition I can tell you right away. The answer is a six-cylinder Rover Saloon—if the name happens to be the right one in each case—for that is the first prize in the competition which is now drawing to a close. It is not yet too late to enter, however, so turn to page 498 of this issue and learn all the details.

GRECIAN FOR MODERN

By Blanche

A delightful summer frock of yellow shantung printed in black dots with handbag to match. The frill wanders irregularly over the skirt, and the bodice has one side draped and one with shoulder cape. Model Maggy Rouff

THE more one studies this subject of clothes the more one realises how much there is to learn about it, for the art of draping the human form has occupied the mind of man—quite as much as woman—since he left his fig-leaf days behind him. One is apt to forget that it *is* an art because it has become a profession, and highbrows are so prone to dismiss the whole question a trifle contemptuously under the term—fashion. Yet even fashion betrays its period, and relates as much to architecture and furniture as it does to clothes. If we feel compelled to wear garments that reflect the precise phase of thought, and extreme of style prevalent at the moment, it surely reflects the very laudable desire to keep pace with the modern movement. Anyway, it is by no means anything to be *disapproved* of, which is an attitude above all others the most exasperating.

AT the moment there is a strong tendency to revert to Grecian ideals in statuesque draperies and the insistence of "line." In achieving this, modern woman is to be congratulated that she has preferred to keep slim by diet and exercise rather than by encasing her body in steel corsets, about which such an alarm was raised a short time ago. Also, we have relegated our flowing draperies to the evening, when we can lounge or trail in comfort, and have kept our freedom for daytime energies. Corsets are, as a rule, boneless, the best kind, that is—but are modelled to the figure with sure precision, suppressing slightly where necessary and emphasising good points, with the object always of creating a beautiful line. Any artistic renaissance in dress, such as we are at the moment passing through, goes back to the time when beauty was the ideal to aim at, and we have to-day the added advantage of a greater variety of colour, material and design to draw upon.

ONE has at the same time to admit that dressing well is becoming a more and more difficult matter. One has to be personally fitted in everything. A hat is modelled to the head, which means more than one visit to the milliner, until perfection is reached, and straw is now manipulated with the ease of felt. No longer can we buy "off the peg" and feel well dressed. The new straws are lissom and adaptable, but Patou takes even the stiffest kind of shiny panama or bangkok, and rolls it off the face or just crinkles it up as though it were soft material.

THE perfect hat or frock may look simple enough, but is just the result of the capacity for taking infinite pains which is the description of genius, and it is in this kind of genius that the French excel. The artist corsetière can quite well live in a modest apartment in an unfashionable part of Paris, but her fame will bring the smartest ladies to her door. From her it is possible to learn of the little woman who does such exquisite lingerie, while there is, of course, the little milliner who copies everything exactly! One is passed from one to another until one learns more of clothes than would be considered possible. One is simply not *allowed* to have unbecoming things. And up whichever ill-lighted staircase one may go, into whatever corner, one

Inspiration the Frock

B. Elliott

Worth's mid-season collection includes this lovely evening gown of dull black georgette with a petticoat effect in the low-placed white flounce. The shoulder straps are crossed in braces style and a separate scarf is worn over the bared shoulders. Model Worth

will hear the accents of the ubiquitous American woman—for she, too, has discovered the little home worker of Paris, and for this I give her infinite credit. The Englishwoman seldom bothers or takes so much trouble to find out.

For evening wear, whatever the shade of one's frock may be, the preference amongst the smart women is for the flesh-coloured stocking, known as chair or by the English as nude. This is far too becoming a mode to give up readily. With it is worn the shoe to match the frock, and these can be dyed almost anywhere to the exact shade required. Sandals are smart for evening and silver is a favourite choice.

The shade for the evening glove is a matter that has received much attention. The fashion of wearing a deeper or vividly contrasting tone to the evening dress has not been very much approved. It is a little too pronounced to please the restraint of the best French taste. The newest shade is called rosée, and is a pinky skin colour that does not show up at all, but gives the effect of a bare arm which is most intriguing. It can be worn with any frock, so it has that slight economy to recommend it, while it makes dead white look positively insipid! In soft exquisite kid or glacé it is plain and long, and worn so that it rucks on the arm, or there are the most entrancing novelties. The long, tapering, gauntlet glove, launched by Lanvin, reaches to the elbow with lace encrustations; there is the draped glove of elbow length by Maggy Rouff, and the long, two-skin kind sparkling with rhinestones.

When dresses, particularly for evening, fit one with the closeness of a glove, it is very necessary to take into consideration our "underneaths." We have to rid our minds of the necessity for many layers because there simply isn't room for them. Evening knickers of a very successful kind are cut on the cross, which is inserted flatly into a shaped and well-fitting band round the hips. Over this comes the slip of your frock and under it your corsets. Vests are again negligible, as they mean shoulder straps and a wrinkle where you have tucked it away to show the bareness of your back. It is better done away with altogether.

B. B. E.

An attractive beach dress executed in rose crêpe de Chine. It is a Patou model.

CELEBRITIES DISGUISED

No. 10

"THE BYSTANDER"
SIMPLE COMPETITION
FOR BIG PRIZES.

Can You Identify these famous people?

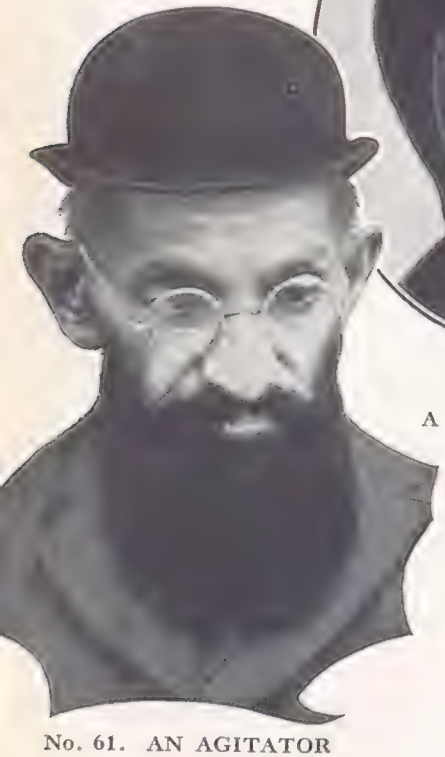
FIRST PRIZE:
A ROVER 6 - cylinder
Saloon Car, Value **£335**
(Pictured Below)

No. 57 A WRITER OF CHEFS D'ŒUVRES

No. 58
A PLAYER OF FARCE

No. 59
A STAGE FAVOURITE

No. 60
SEEN IN THE RING



No. 61. AN AGITATOR

No. 62. NOT A PLAYER

SECOND PRIZE:
A Cheque for **£50**

THIRD PRIZE:
A Cheque for **£25**

25 Free Subscriptions for One Year to "The Bystander," Value **£3.3.0** each.

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover ii. There is no entrance fee and the rules are of the simplest.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week

The 15.7 h.p. Six-cylinder Four-door Saloon Rover Car which is our First Prize

YOU CAN ENTER NOW!

The first three lists of "Celebrities Disguised" can be had on application to the Publisher, Inveresk House, W.C.2, on receipt of 9d. in stamps or a Postal Order. Other back numbers can be obtained at 1/2 each, post free.

This is our tenth list: there are only two more! Keep it until the closing date is announced.

EPSOM DOWNS

A FANTASY OF DERBY DAY

This painting, by Mr. A. R. Thomson, is now on view at the Goupil Gallery in the exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers and Potters, which closes on Friday, June 6.

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PLAYER'S
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10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 1/-
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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LOVE AND HOW

By

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN PIMLOT

MYRA WESTWILLOW was in love with Burnett-Browne and she married him, and her love spilt over into an everlasting sunset, an unending rhapsody, a shimmering crescendo of ecstasy.

People went to scoff and stayed to marvel! Oh, marvel! Simply *marvel!*

Myra Burnett-Browne was built for passion on the smouldering, uncomfortable scale. She was dark and golden-skinned, and she had long, watchful slits of Japanesy brown eyes and the loveliest figure and hands and feet and movements in London.

Somehow she always suggested trysts at twilight, even playing golf at Roehampton in the sunshine in the morning.

She was just consumed with love for Burnett-Browne, and she made no bones about it. She let her friends and relatives in on it. They could watch it eating her dark, burning loveliness alive.

"I *adore* him!" Myra said. "I *adore* him! I'm just *crazy* about him!"

IT made women too talkative among themselves, and men too silent and speculative about possibilities in their own very static and completely furnished emotional worlds.

If Burnett-Browne (who was ordinary to a degree and excessively good-looking) was sometimes bewildered by the brightly burning and too lyrical atmosphere in which he found himself spinning, there were also brightly burning and lyrical compensations.

He hadn't known women like his wife existed.

Neither had quite a lot of people.

Myra was quite genuine in her attitude, because she thought it all actually existed. She lived for Bill Burnett-Browne, and you could *see* her living for him, and getting a tremendous emotional kick out of it.

When one looked at Myra one thought of the Lady of Shallot and Madame du Barri and Helen of Troy, and all such delightful, brilliantly disturbing mysteries. When one looked at Bill one thought of five days at an office and two days' golf!

Myra was not absurd. She was merely effective, moving and very telling on exhibition.

It was "Lovely to watch them." Ask her mother, his mother, cook, the housemaid and the parlourmaid. "Lovely to watch them."

IT was easy to see there was something wrong with Alice Smith, the parlourmaid. Alice was a wriggly, pretty little blonde, neat and causelessly explanatory and apologetic.

When she dropped the third thing that week right under Myra's nose, Myra could ignore it no longer. Besides, it upset the rosy atmosphere of assignation she still managed to impart to her evening domesticity to have French beans strewn about the carpet.

Myra was very gentle in her shadowy, fourth-dimensional way.

"Alice, something is worrying you."

"I'm sure, madame, I'm dreadfully sorry. I can explain."

"A man?" said Myra, quite direct.

Alice could not tell anything. She had to "confess" everything. She had that kind of twisted, muddled mental make-up.

It *was* love. It *was* a man. It was love as consuming as Myra's own brand. That shook her a bit. It didn't seem somehow . . . of course, love was universal; the highest and the lowest and all that; but Myra was a bit annoyed, frankly.

"I'd *swing* for him—and that's God's solemn truth!"

HOWEVER, Myra was very kind with the white-faced, squirming little thing, really most consciously and beautifully understanding.

"My dear, I *do* understand."

Woman-to-woman business. No frills. Could any mistress do more for any maid? Would one in a million do as much?

Then it transpired, amid tears, wrigglings and a funny kind of pride, that he was in prison, that he was soon coming out, that Alice was all upset—and that she was his wife.

"I'd foller him to the ends of the earth, mum," said Alice hoarsely, pop-eyed and exalted. "The ends of the earth."

Myra decided that he must be one of those weasely little men you read about in Sunday papers who get hold of servant girls and mesmerise them. Alice was mesmerised. She looked lovely with her breathing and her complexion and her expression altering every second, and her rather sly and usually stupid blue eyes burning brightly in her vivid face.

"I'd scrub my fingers to the bone. I'd starve meself to death for 'im."

She flustered out of the room and panicked back with photographs. Myra looked at them curiously. A fine, rather open-faced man of about fifty, splendidly preserved. Alice fidgeted and glowed and exulted, and pointed and propitiated and explained.

"But have either of you any money, Alice?"

"No—but he says I'm not to worry. He'll soon make some. He's *that* clever, mum!"

"Yes, but how?"

"He's clever in lots of ways, mum."

Myra went on being charming against considerable odds. Alice was defensive now and faintly aggressive. She was also very hot.

"Has he any friends, Alice?"

"Yes," said Alice . . . and the noisy flustering of her emotion upset the atmosphere suddenly and unexpectedly.

"You're afraid they'll get hold of him again?"

"They'll meet him! You see! They're busting for him to come out again. He ain't afraid of nothing, not he! That's Alf all over!"

"He mustn't get under their influence again. I'll talk to Mr. Burnett-Browne. Don't worry, Alice."

"I'm not exactly worrying, madame. I'm merely off my head! Oh, you know what it is when they've been away from you. You can't think of nothink or settle to nothink. All the time you're thinking how it'll be. Sleep! I haven't had a decent night for weeks!"

WHEN Bill came into the room later he found Myra all gone dewy-madonna. She looked delicious, and her voice was as the voice of someone languorous with drugs as she let loose the poor little saga of Alice.

"She loves him so, Bill."

"Well, he sounds a bad bit of work to me."

"What difference does that make?"

He was playing cat's cradle with Myra's absurdly lovely white fingers. He thought how *good* she was. Her goodness rushed at him on white, scented wings and overwhelmed his common sense like a sudden emotional impulsive conversion.

"Angel! He sounds a bad egg, but we'll help him."

"How?"

"Canada and a fresh start."

Then Myra cried. When she had finished crying they had Alice in, and she cried too.

For days the atmosphere of the house was that of the birth of the heir or the miraculous recovery of the sick.

It was full of love, humanity, glory, and sheer uplift.

(All rights strictly reserved)

All Myra's friends heard the story, and most of Bill's friends, too, and all of them were attacked with justifiable misgiving which it seemed indecent to express in the face of such divinely simple reasoning, such lovely faith.

"But she loves him like I love Bill," chanted Myra.

Bill went to see the governor of the prison. Alice's Alf had an excellent prison record. The governor would let him out twenty-four hours before his actual release. Alice, his wife, would meet him at the prison gates before his pals could get wind of it and take him straight down to Southampton, where they would have a twenty-four hours' honeymoon before he embarked for Canada.

"We're giving it them, Bill, that's what's so lovely!"

Alice certainly looked very attractive. She had bought a neat, simple little outfit for Alf with Bill's twenty pounds. Bill had got the tickets, and Bill's friends had contributed twenty pounds as a start. One of Bill's friends had found a job for Alf in Canada. Alice was to join him later; stay with Myra for the rest of the year and save for her passage. Alice squirmed and cried and was overcome with emotion and gratitude and excitement and fluster. Privately Myra thought she worried a bit too much about herself. Wasn't it a bit presumptuous to think it mattered all that? It wasn't—well, quite frankly, as if she was *oneself*, for instance, or anything to look at, or even Alfred were like Bill—appreciative, or even accustomed. She was almost *sure* Alice was using her nail buffer. Her hands looked quite different. Well, it was just silly, and out of place; and anyone else would have been annoyed.

He began to be really rather . . irritating. One's friends were irritating, teasing Alice. It wasn't done. Alice glowed so. She had suddenly become a very blonde blonde and sprung a dimple Myra would have sworn wasn't there before. Of course, it was absurd. It *must* have been there!

"Alice is going to be rather difficult for a bit after this," said Myra to Bill.

"Oh! I don't know. She's not a bad little thing; always willing. Old Bretherton thought she was no end fetching when she brought him his third cocktail to-night. Said he thought Alfred knew a good thing when he saw it!"

"I think Bretherton's a little——coarse, Bill, dearest."

"Dare say he is. I'm used to him. It's always easy to be coarse about blondes. Don't know why."

As the time for Alfred Smith's release drew near Alice worked herself into a frenzy of excitement. She positively glittered with it.

It rather grated on Myra. It made her a little fretful. When Alice, positively propelled up the kitchen stairs by the emotional excitement and thrill below, came to say good-bye before going to the prison in a taxi, she wore the cook's large pearl earrings.

"I don't think they suit you, Alice," said Myra. "And they make you look *years* older."

She wanted suddenly and surprisingly to hurt Alice.

"Alf fancies me in a bit of joolery, mum," said Alice, suddenly respectfully antagonistic.

"I don't suppose he'll notice. Men are curiously unobservant."

"Alf notices," said Alice, flaring and dimpling. "He's that kind, is Alf!"

Myra had a little dinner party that night, and the cook's married sister to wait and help the housemaid.

Myra wore a new maize chiffon frock.

Bill didn't notice it was new. He made no comment.

"Bet Alf and Alice are having a high old time!" he said cheerfully.

Myra fidgeted.

They discussed the affair after the maids had put the port on the table and withdrawn.

"Mrs. Browne is an incurable romantic," said the guest, beaming.

"All romantics are cured in the end," said the guest's wife lightly.

"I *hate* to hear you say that," said Myra in her tense, defensive voice. "It makes me sick! I hate it! It isn't true."

She was quite white, smouldering.

The male guest felt startled, as if he had burst into a cathedral in fancy dress, but the female guest was amused and undaunted.

"I don't see how your Alice can really love a pickpocket, my dear, and that's what you say this man is. I mean it's pretty far down in the social scale."

"Apparently they had some high old times on the proceeds till he got pinched, didn't you say, Myra?"

"They lived dangerously—but isn't that really living?"

"Don't ask *me*! I'm a quiet old thing and clean about the house an' all. Ask the missus."

Myra looked lovely and dangerous, all misty-eyed.

"I'd adore Bill whatever he was and whatever he did! I'd pick pockets for him, too!"

"For Pete's sake, Myra, darling."

"I would! I would! I'd do *anything*. Everything is justifiable, everything is excusable if you love. Not loving enough, being ashamed of love, that is the one inexcusable thing."

The female guest said afterwards that she felt there was a microphone somewhere and someone ought to clap a hand over it quickly, but Myra was carried away.

"You mean you'd do anything, anything rather than fall foul of old Bill sitting there, Mrs. Browne?"

"Anything!" Myra switched every letter of the sky sign on triumphant with that one word "anything!"

She really looked lovely.

Bill gaped at her with his mouth open.

That mood lasted the rest of the evening.

Myra had never been so attractive, so utterly adorable, so captivating or so captivated. To watch Bill and her "at it" was like watching people under a spell.

It was moving and dramatic.

Still emotionalised they saw their guests out, left the home to darkness and went up to their room, all misty blues and violets and wisterias, with cunning lighting, warm and languorously golden as the full honey light of a harvest moon.

"Myra, you're marvellous! My God! What have I ever done to deserve it! You frighten me, my darling! Sometimes you terrify me! What *would* I do if I ever forfeited your love?"

"You couldn't, my Sweet, you couldn't."

"I might so easily. I might do just some stupid,—— blundering thing."

"You *couldn't*, Bill, I tell you!"

"But I might. I mean, I'm rather an insensitive sort of ass in some ways."

"So *that's* what you think of our love . . . that it's so . . . so petty it could be upset by a little thing, so shallow."

"No, you don't altogether understand. . . ."

"I do understand. It's you who don't, Bill. Love justifies everything. Why, darling. I'd do the most *awful* things just to have you think me . . . clever. I'd thieve if necessary—just so's you should go on thinking me lovely and sweet and dainty. People are afraid of loving, afraid of showing it. Love is big, big, big, Bill."

By and by Bill called through his dressing-room door, struggling with his stiff-winged collar.

"I feel sorry for old Alice and her Alf to-night."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. P'raps we ought to have done the whole bag of tricks and packed them off together to Canada."

"Oh! I don't see that. Alice owes us something. It'll be good for them to work and wait and save a bit. Give them a sense of value."

"P'raps you're right, darling."

"People don't appreciate things till they've had to work for them."

"There's something in that."

"Bill—what do I look like to-night?"

"A million pounds."

"Idiot! I mean—what colour?"

Colours meant about as much to Bill as the next man. It was a honeymoon game and he was in danger of forgetting the rules. He was a sportsman. No sportsman is at a disadvantage long. Bill's eye fell on a trade film show invitation card.

"Yellow," he said promptly.

"Yellow! You hate me in yellow, Bill! That's why I've never worn it! Yel-low?"

Bill looked at the yellow invitation card again. It was a bad break.

"To-night you look all sort of—warm and scented and . . . fresh . . . and buttercup-py and primrose-y sort of. D'you know what I mean?"

"Well—I have *one* yellow. That one Aunt Beryl sent me. You said you hated yellow and so I never. . . ."

"Well, you wear any colour, darling."

"No—I'll wear yellow. I liked yellow . . . Only, you said . . ."

Bill heard the wardrobe door open and then Myra's voice, with all the East and twilight purged out of it.

"Bill! It's gone!"

"What's gone?"

"The yellow one."

"Yellow what?"

"Nightgown."

He came to the door of his dressing-room blinking and tying his pyjama girdle.

"Oh, it's there somewhere—underneath."

"It isn't. I've looked everywhere."

"It's got in another drawer by mistake."

"It has not. I've never kept it anywhere but here."

He saw with surprise that she was wide awake and very agitated.

"I'll bet *she's* taken it!"

"Who?"

"Alice."

"Rubbish. What would she want with it?"

"Then why isn't it here?"

"I expect it is . . . somewhere."

"It isn't."

"Well, have another one."

"I'll get to the bottom of this."

"Not to-night!"

"To-night, Bill! Oh, how *dare* she! How dare she!"

"Here! I say! Where you going. . . ."

Myra had gone to the bottom of the stairs leading to the maids' bedrooms above, and was calling in a quivering, outraged voice.

"Winifred! Winifred!"

"Here, I say, Myra, darling, not to-night."

"Yes'm. I'm coming at once. You ill?"

(Continued on page 512)

"I hate to hear you say that," said Myra, in her tense, defensive voice. "It makes me sick! I hate it! It isn't true"

FILM NOTES

A Great Personality and Two British Films

By Lionel Collier

Sari Maritza sings "I've a Little Love Song" to an influential but villainous cabaret producer and gets her big chance. W. Trytel and E. Stanelli collaborated in composing this pleasing song. A scene in 'Greek Street," Gaumont's new talkie, in which Bert Coote makes a great hit

WHAT an amazing personality Marie Dressler has! At a luncheon given in her honour at the Savoy the other day she held the entire room with her refreshing philosophy of life, her wit, and her very understanding knowledge of the world of films. She had no illusions about Hollywood, but a great deal of common sense. That is probably why she is where she is today.

AS I write, a full-length comedy featuring her and Polly Moran is on at the Empire, and if the material does not do justice to Marie, Marie certainly does justice to the material. In fact, she *is* the show. Polly Moran strikes an artificial comedy note; it is forced, and, while funny, lacks the human note that characterises Marie Dressler. They appear as a couple of friendly, but also rival, landladies. They both make money, and their respective offspring, one male and one female, fall in love but quarrel. Then each tries to outdo the other. They both speculate, and both are ruined in a Wall Street crash. It is this crash that brings them together again, and also reconciles the children, who marry. They start a joint boarding house.

THE atmosphere is extremely good, but "Chuck" Reisner, one of the older comedy producers, still relies rather on slapstick methods, and after having seen Marie Dressler in character in "Anna Christie" one feels that she is wasting her talent. Nevertheless, there is a good deal to laugh at, and some of the dialogue is extremely funny and well put over. I suppose it was inevitable that some reference should be made to a small baby's requirements; even Chaplin has been unable to resist that in the best of his comedies.

TWO British films have been shown privately this week, "Loose Ends," which is now on at the Regal, and "Greek Street;" which at the moment has not been scheduled for a special run, but which will undoubtedly be seen in the West End shortly. The former is a screen version of Dion Titheradge's stage play, and, while not remarkable in plot, has good dialogue and an excellently chosen cast, amongst whom a newcomer, Adrianne Allen, shines to the best advantage.

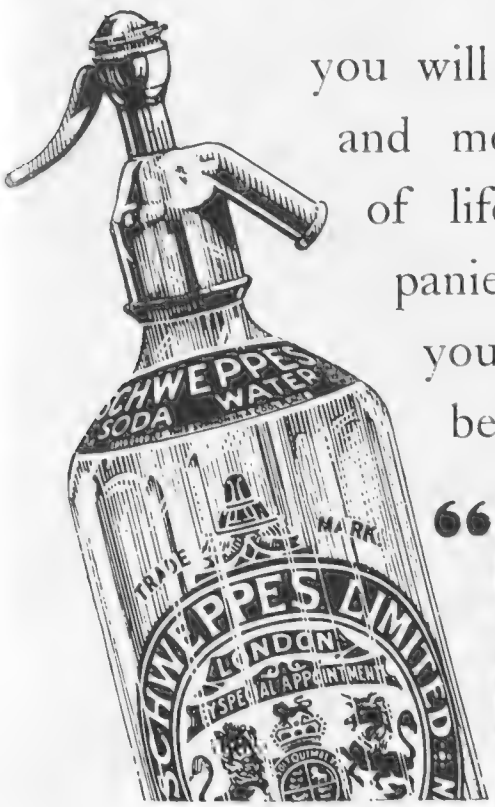
IT is really sheer melodrama dealing with an actress who marries a man of whom she knows nothing and then finds out that he is a murderer. The melodrama is disguised with a veneer of what is supposed to be smart set stuff, and which introduces the now inevitable effeminate youth by way of comedy relief. Edna Best plays the part of the actress, and one feels that if the life she leads in this play and the friends she tolerates were anything like her conduct or her friends in real life, she would not be the intelligent woman she is.

OF course, the murderer husband, extremely well acted by Owen Nares, is really a most virtuous and simple-minded man. The murder he committed, for which he served fifteen years, was a most justifiable one. You see his sister had been dishonoured and committed suicide, and the young hero—he was then at Oxford or Cambridge, I forget which—had applied

(Continued on page 508)

Betty Balfour tells in her own words "exactly what happened!" A scene in "The Brat," Betty Balfour's first independent all-talking picture, to be seen in London shortly

WHERE SPORTSMEN GATHER



you will find keen judgment of quality and merit in all the enjoyable things of life, good spirits being accompanied by good form—and when you have good spirits it is the best of good form to add

"Schweppe"

THE ORIGINAL

SODA WATER

Also order SCHWEPPES GINGER ALE, CIDER, GINGER BEER, TONIC WATER, LEMON SQUASH, ORANGE SQUASH, **Etc.**

FILM NOTES (continued from page 506)

Gipsy Rhouma dances in "Alf's Button," a Gaumont British talkie, to be released shortly. She played the part of Tondeleyo in the film, "White Cargo"

the Jewish law of an eye for an eye. I cannot think what playwrights would do without sisters, especially those who can be dishonoured. Nevertheless, in spite of weaknesses in dramatic conviction, the film is excellently directed by Norman Walker.

ADRIANNE ALLEN is natural and thoroughly sympathetic as the wife's friend, while Miles Mander is good as an admirer whose morals are as weak as the plot. Donald Calthrop, as a newspaper gossip writer by whom the hero's past is unmasked, presents rather a libellous but nevertheless amusing character of modern day journalism. This picture is well worth seeing.

IN "Greek Street," Sinclair Hill, the producer of that successful British picture, "Dark Red Roses," again shows himself an excellent director and one who, while fully availing himself of the microphone, also realises that he has a camera and is not just limited by stage requirements. The pity is that the plot he has taken is so weak. He might have made an outstanding feature; as it is he has made a very pleasant one, and shows that he can be numbered amongst the most intelligent producers in this country.

HIS story concerns a young Italian restaurant proprietor, who hears a girl singing in the street and makes her the star in his Soho cabaret. She is offered a big job at a West End cabaret, and accepts it, together with a large flat and appurtenances. She shows the usual surprise when asked in the usual way to pay for her accommodation. Her indignation at the proposal eventually drives her back to her Italian lover.

EVERYTHING is excellently presented. Both the small Soho restaurant and the West End cabaret are most advantageously set, and I found that the leads, William Freshman and Sari Maritza, a new find, were thoroughly enjoyable. One can compare them very favourably with the more established popular favourites, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. That excellent stage artist, Bert Coote, made a momentous screen début as an elderly peer with a heart wide open for young lovers. If he is not used frequently and in bigger parts it will be a loss both to the public and to British films. Martin Lewis made a really excellent villain, while "three tired business men" were amusingly portrayed by Rex Maurice, E. Stanelli, and Peter Haddon. By the way, Stanelli and W. Trytel have composed the theme song, "I've a Little Love Song," which is a most tuneful affair and should prove a very popular number.

IN spite of plot criticisms, I liked this production very much. It does not call for serious attention, but it does entertain, and exploits the possibilities of the screen rather than the stage.

RATHER a change from the usual song and dance picture is "Red Hot Rhythm," which is now generally released. The dialogue in the comedy love story is clever and the numbers tuneful, but the main success of the production depends on Alan Hale.

L. C.

John McCormack and his two discoveries. Tommy Clifford and Maureen O'Sullivan were both given prominent parts in John McCormack's first singing and talking picture, "Song o' My Heart," now at the Prince Edward Theatre

Polly Moran is "Caught" by Marie Dressler! An amusing scene out of "Caught Short," a talkie dealing with the Wall Street crash, now at the Empire

Haig

has just that extra touch of quality with age which makes all the difference

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627

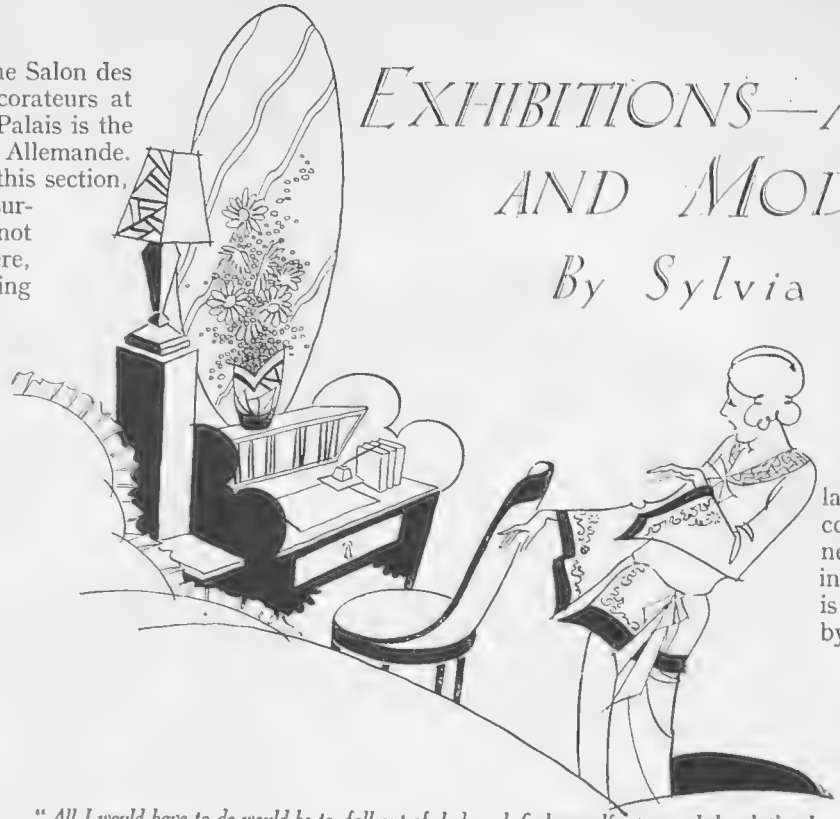
PARIS GOSSIP

EXHIBITIONS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrations by NORMAN KAY

THE clou of the Salon des Artistes Decorateurs at the Grand Palais is the Section Allemande. Before approaching this section, which was a great surprise to me as I did not know it was to be there, I noticed the following details about the French exhibits: there is nothing new, except the introduction of braided coloured leathers for chairs; many of the exhibits, as I write this, are not installed; a great many important designers have seceded from this Salon, and, with a few glances around, I did not blame them; and Paul Valèry continues to be the favourite author for bookbinders' efforts.



"All I would have to do would be to fall out of bed and find myself at my desk, whether I liked it or not"

I SAW one delightful chambre-bureau that would just suit me; all I would have to do would be to fall out of bed and find myself at my desk, whether I liked it or not. And I saw a perfectly beautiful fish-bowl, the globe standing nicely in opposition to the erect metal frame, to which is attached a tall cylindrical glass vase. This appealed very much to my companion, who asked a guard if the bureau de vente was open. "No, it is not," said the guard. "Yes, it is," said another. We found the bureau, whose officials knew nothing about the fish-bowl; there was no record of it; they didn't know the price, but would send a letter to-morrow!

NOW this, mind you, was in the French section. Suddenly we came to the German, and the Germans have installed an information bureau that works. The moment I entered the German section, although the furniture and objects on display differ but little from the French, and, in fact, are not so good, I felt that I was in a different country. I had simply left Paris. The whole section is displayed with such taste and organisation and originality in presentation that I was thrilled.

THE *Deutsche Werkbund* has conceived and arranged the exhibit under the direction of Walter Gropius, the architect. The latter's theory of the co-ordination of art and necessity in relation to industrial standardisation is explained on one wall, by means of white characters similar to that of typewriters, stamped on a black composition material called "Trolit." This type, entirely of lower register, has been designed by Herman Bayer, and the same type, stamped out in relief and in various colours, is used to indicate and explain other exhibits. It is all simply stunning. It is all very German.

The same organisation displays surgical instruments next to glass necklaces. The catalogue is a joy, printed in French and German, and indexed; and in all my years in Paris I have never yet found one which was indexed.

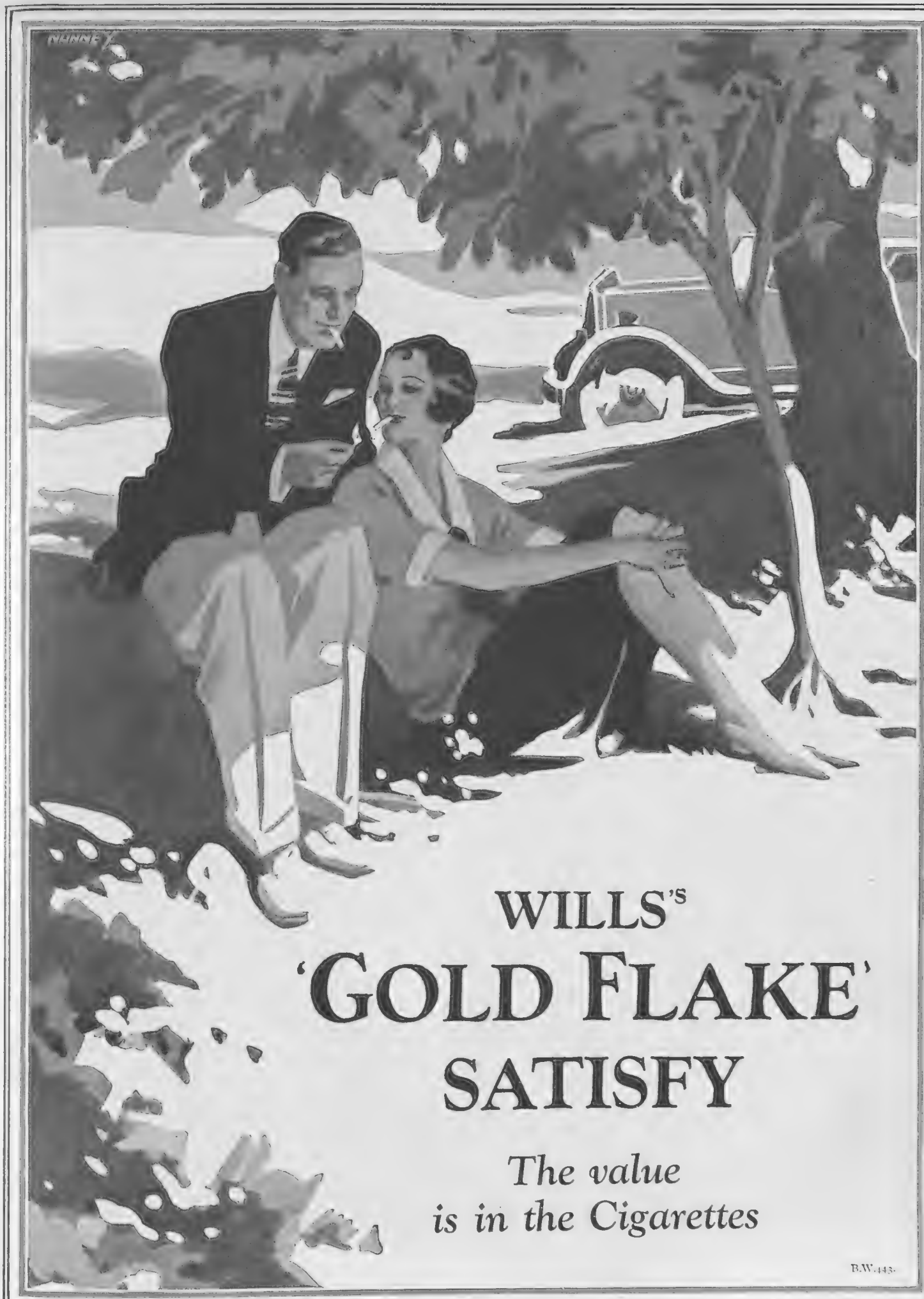
IN the catalogue Gropius quotes the phrase of the Goncourts—"le journal a tué la salon." And I thought that the Goncourts could not have referred to America, for if they have many newspapers they never did have, so far as my personal experience goes, any conversation at all, much less the social institution known as a salon.

By the way, a visitor to Paris would suffer a peculiar sensation if he could go to the Romantic Exhibition at the Pavillon de Marsan, in the Louvre, in the morning and to this modern exhibition in the afternoon. He would sense the change in the ideas of living not of one hundred years, but of five hundred.

LOUISE BROWN *Janet Jevons*

Who played lead in "The Girl Friend" and "Heads Up." She is singing and dancing and leading a troupe of girls from "Rio Rita" at the London Coliseum, her first appearance on any variety stage

(Continued on page 512)



WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY

The value
is in the Cigarettes

B.W.443.

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 510)

MY favourite sports of the week have been indoors. I spent an hour or so at the Salon d'Araignée, an exposition that has been revived after an interval of several years. It is a sort of sophisticated and elastic version of the Humoristes, and nearly every drawing is first rate. There are the sharp political caricatures of Sennep, and the delightful literary cartoons in colour by Carlo Rim. There are two beautiful small portraits by Madeleine Luka, and a marvellous circus painting by Mariette Lydis, an artist who has already done some superb illustrations for Baudelaire's Fleurs du Mal. There is a killing drawing by Serge—"Acrobats making love"—and one brazen but too deliciously executed drawing by Gus Bofa.

ALEXANDER CALDER is showing two of his wire sculptures of circus figures, and for the first time at this salon they are showing photographs. Three walls of one room are covered with exceptionally fine modern photographs, particularly those by Landau, who achieves the subtlest tones of greys and blacks I have ever seen, and opposed to these is a collection, most amusing, of the old photographs of the Reutlinger epoch.

BY STAN TERRY

"And was he really alive once, Henry?"
"'Course 'e was. 'Aven't you ever 'eard of the Stone Age?"

ADDED art notes: The recently inaugurated American building of the Cité Universitaire is equipped with a large number of studios. But the art students who rent these studios will not be allowed to engage models. And I hear that the exposé of the false Millets has so appealed to the public that far higher prices are being paid for the forged paintings than have ever been offered for for original Millets.

THE new annexe to the Cercle Interalliée is now nearing completion, creeping, very white and classic (thank God!), wide and high along the Faubourg St. Honoré. There is to be a large terraced roof-garden with a restaurant. Roof-gardens are a regrettable rarity in Paris. A few private houses or top-apartments, such as that of Michel Roux-Spitz, the architect, have them. Hermès has installed one on top of his shop, but, with the exception of the Automobile Club in the Place de la Concorde, the Interalliée will be the only semi-public building to have a roof-garden. S. L.

"DAD, is £5 a lot of money?"

"That depends, my son. When I earn it it is a lot of money, but when your mother goes shopping with it it is nothing."

LOVE—AND HOW! (continued from page 505)

Bill slipped into a dressing-gown. Women—they had you beat!

WINIFRED came, crumpled, scared, shoeless. Feet were ugly things. Bill stared at them in distaste, resenting the exhibition of them illogically on Myra.

"Where's my yellow crêpe de Chine nightgown, Winifred? The one I've never worn."

"I don't know, mum."

"It was here this morning. You ironed my vests as Alice was going away. You must have noticed it when you put them back."

"I never, mum."

"Well, it was there."

"I haven't touched it, mum!"

"Then who has?"

Craven they all were—crouching when you showed the whip. He felt profoundly discomfited. And those *feet*; cheap shoes, he supposed.

"Do you want me to write to your people in the morning, Winifred?"

"*She* took it."

"Who? Alice?"

"Yes'm."

Winifred began to cry.

"Oh! don't be cross, mum. She said you hated it. You never wore yellow. She said she'd just iron it out again, and you never wore it, and you'd never know. Her own was awful—they was really, mum. I had out all mine and cook had out all hers—but they weren't up to much. Yellow is Alf's favourite colour—and she wanted something pretty to wear."

"You can go, Winifred."

"You won't——mum. She didn't mean no 'arm. She's just Alf-mad, cook says."

"You can go, Winifred."

"WELL, that's that," said Bill. "Now perhaps we can go to bed. Nearest Alf will ever get to the Folies Bergère will be to-night. 'I'm a little gaol-bird looking for a yellow bird.'"

"I don't see anything funny, Bill."

"No, it's a bit thick; but one can sort of see her side."

"I can't."

"I should give her a jolly good ticking off in the morning. Damn sauce!"

"Where did we book them that room at Southampton, Bill?"

"Pedlar's Pack. Here, I say. What on earth?"

"I want telegrams, please, operator."

"But——Myra. . . ."

"Be quiet, Bill."

"But you can't do anything to-night, Myra."

"Do you think there is any excuse after our goodness to her? I'm furious! I'm livid!"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Don't try to make excuses, Bill. There are none! Mayfair 0083 speaking. I want to send a wire to Smith, Pedlar's Pack, Southampton. 'Kindly return yellow night-gown and collect wages and boxes first thing to-morrow morning.—BURNETT-BROWNE.'"

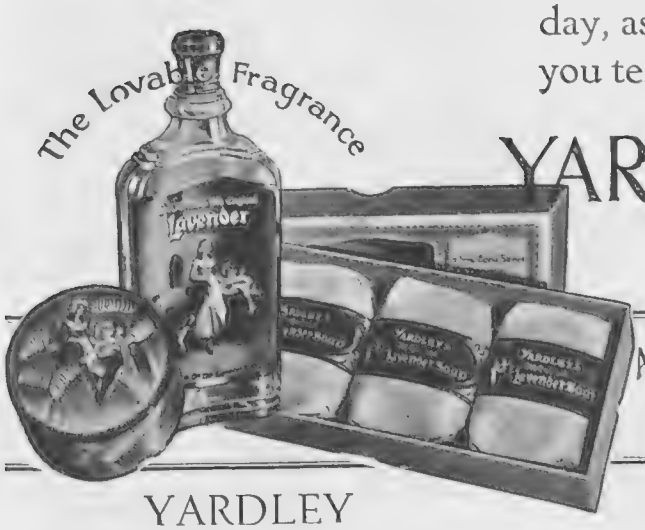
"Thank you. Good-night."

C. J.-S.

When you laugh, Miss 1930—

at those tempestuous petticoats, pray remember that Miss 1770 would consign them to some crazy Thames wherry with as little thought as you give to the hailing of a taxi-cab. She was no fragile maid in porcelain! You and she have more in common than your love of pretty things and your devotion to the Yardley Lavender.

Lovable fragrance! How secure its hold is on the heart of dainty womanhood! To-day, as in 1770, wherever you go it will greet you tenderly. Wistful. Winsome. Caressing!



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FLYING NOTES

"Johnnie" and Jason photographed before leaving Croydon for Australia. Miss Johnson's "Irvine" parachute can be seen as a cushion, while the spare propeller is tied on with rope

Keystone

THE BOOM IN FLYING

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Girl and the Moth

THE daily papers have become so air-minded during the last few weeks that there is positively no further "news" about Miss Johnson's wonderful flight. In spite of much hot air circulated by rival groups anxious to publish the latest story, the essential facts of the flight have not been charred beyond recognition. It will stand out for all time as a really great achievement, and one to the credit not only of the gallant pilot, but the machine and engine, their bits and pieces, and the fuel and oil which made the wheels go round. Not since "Lindy" hit Paris has there been such world-wide enthusiasm for a single-handed feat, and the fact that a woman is the principal character causes no little embarrassment to those who are responsible for bestowing an honour which Miss Johnson undoubtedly deserves. New orders of chivalry must be created if the modern young woman is to receive an equivalent reward to that of a man for deeds of valour and skill.

Topical

THE LONGED-FOR MESSAGE

Mr. and Mrs. J. N Johnson, the parents of Miss Amy Johnson, seen at Hull after the good news of their daughter's safe arrival in Australia had been received

A Second-hand Aeroplane

THERE has been a lot of talk about Miss Johnson's Gipsy Moth being a second-hand aeroplane, as if nothing special could be achieved in the normal course of events, except with a new aeroplane. As a matter of fact, they wear out very slowly; Jason's Quest was barely two years old when Miss Johnson bought it and had flown no more than 35,000 miles. Depreciation in performance is scarcely noticeable with any British aircraft after the first 10,000 miles, partly owing to the careful system of inspection and maintenance which is carried out in this country. The Moth is the best-known light aeroplane in the world; its name is a synonym for all small aeroplanes to the uninitiated—a sure sign of popularity. The Gipsy engine, a more recent product, has gained fresh laurels on this latest flight. Without its reliability the flight would have been a mere foolhardy adventure, with success a result of luck rather than good judgment. As usual, the most important of the bits and pieces were K.L.G. plugs and B.T.H. magnetos. Wakefield's Castrol provided that film of oil without which no great flight seems complete, and Summer Shell petrol appeared as if by magic at places that are not even recorded in *The Times* Atlas, although the route maps supplied by Stanfords gave every landing ground and aerodrome. It is rather wonderful to think that one can set out on a flight to almost any part of the world, relying on these two great organisations to provide liquid nourishment for the engine at any halt. It helps to make one more confident as regards the journey.

Fly as You Drive—Side by Side

TO get two or three thousand people to attend a flying display on a wet Sunday in their own cars is something of an achievement. Auto Auctions pulled it off at Heston and arranged a thoroughly fine show which was much appreciated. They did not confine the flying to the Bluebird, for which they are the world-wide distributors, although, naturally, Blackburne machines figured largely in the programme. The Lincock, resplendent

THE ADVANTAGES OF "SIDE-BY-SIDE" FLYING

Photopress

A Baby "Swift" and a big Army night bomber afford a striking contrast in sizes. Standing in the foreground are Sir Sefton Brancker, Flight-Officer Smith and Miss Auriol Lee

AT BROOKLANDS Sport and General

A.A. Air Scouts attending to Flight-Lieutenant Comper's latest single-seater monoplane It is priced at £400 and has a top speed of more than 100 m.p.h.

in black and yellow, was put through its paces at 160 miles an hour by Captain Blake. The de Havilland Puss Moth attracted much favourable comment; it is a wonderfully graceful machine, and has a much higher performance than any other standard light plane. Flying Officer Stainforth played every known trick with the Junkers Junior, and its imitation of a soldier crab flying low across the aerodrome, with one eye on the crowd, was particularly amusing. "Fly as you drive, side by side in a Bluebird," sums up in a phrase the essential difference between this type and all other open two-seaters. To appreciate the advantages of seats side by side you must make a trial flight, and this can be arranged at Heston through Auto Auctions. The Bluebird, with a Gipsy or a Hermes engine, has a top speed of more than 100 miles an hour, a slow landing speed, and a good take-off. There is one improvement which I should like to suggest for all light planes with open cockpits. It should be possible for the pilot to raise his seat at least six inches by means of a lever, so that he can get a good view of the aerodrome when taxiing, taking off, and landing. At present the view forward is very restricted when the machine has its tail down, and much minor damage to propellers, sheep, boundary lights, and even other people's aeroplanes would be avoided if the pilot could only see them.

The Prince on Flying

ONCE again the Prince of Wales has emphasised the importance of flying—this time at a round-table conference of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire. He singled out for comment, from hundreds of resolutions on scores of subjects, those relating to communication by air as deserving our closest attention and energetic support. After congratulating Miss Johnson on her flight to Australia, the Prince mentioned that whilst in Africa he had experienced to the full the boon flying can be in saving time and shortening distances. Judging by the interest being taken in aviation by the general public at the moment, there should be no lack of support for an energetic air policy. American industry profited by Lindbergh's transatlantic flight to the tune of millions of dollars, only to lose part of their gains in the Wall Street crash. By going just a little slower than the Americans did, and tempering optimism with the experience that our designers, engineers and pilots undoubtedly possess, we have to-day the greatest opportunity for leading the world in aviation that we have possessed since the War. Aircraft shares are certainly rising, and for the very good reason that the demand this summer is likely to exceed the supply. C. E. W.

Planet News

MR. JOHN TRANUM

The well-known parachutist, wearing the new quick-release harness which he has designed fo the Russell Lobe

Miss Amy JOHNSON

on her great flight to Australia in a

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MISS AMY JOHNSON'S

remarkable

LONE FLIGHT

TO AUSTRALIA

Following the Duchess of Bedford's record flight to Capetown and back, Miss Amy Johnson, the 26-year-old lady pilot, has flown her Gypsy Moth single-handed from Croydon to Australia in 20 days. During her journey Miss Johnson beat the existing record for a solo flight to India by reaching that country in 6 days.

Miss Johnson chose "Summer Shell" petrol and her great achievement is still further proof of Shell's supremacy.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WHEN WOMEN LOVE BOXERS

By Ralph Straus

AFTER reading Miss Sackville-West's novel, *The Edwardians*, about which Miss Clemence Dane was speaking last week, I was inclined to wonder whether the Edwardians ever really existed. For all the subtle changes in small matters and high places which accompanied King Edward to the throne, it was the Victorians who seemed determined to carry on, and they did carry on until the War. And, so far as I can see, some of them are still trying to carry on to-day. To them in particular I would like to recommend Sarah Salt's new novel, *Strange Combat* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), if only to hear what they have to say about it (though I can well believe that they would be rendered speechless through shock).

AS you will have gathered from her previous books, Miss Salt does not err on the side of discretion. If the folk about whom she is writing are accustomed to use what I may call picturesquely direct language, that language is duly printed, and the consequences cheerfully damned. This, of course, raises the general question of what is permissible in print. I used to think that I knew well enough, but now I am not so sure. (Incidentally, I heard the other day of a new novel which the author was obliged to alter in places—not from any fear of the consequences, but because the printers refused to "set up" such dreadful things!)

TEN years ago they would instantly have banned *Strange Combat*, and done their best to send its author, publisher and printers to prison. They would have called it the most scandalous production. There would have been furiously indignant articles about it in the newspapers. Such things did not happen in real life. It would have been bad enough for a man to have been the author, but for a woman——! You can imagine what they would have said. And yet to-day I doubt whether even Mr. James Douglas himself will raise his voice in complaint.

THEN what, you ask, is it all about? And is the novel good enough to receive all this preliminary chatter? Well, I personally put it high. From beginning to end it "got" me. This, I said to myself, is the kind of thing which really does happen—in circles, I hasten to add, where I am not a frequenter, but to which I would like an occasional introduction. But I do know women like Jane, and once I met a boxer (for ten minutes) who might well enough have sat for Andrew.

THE book is the tragedy of a clever woman of thirty-six, who has never been what the Victorians would have called "really in love." This Jane is a journalist, an amusingly adventurous person who has her own flat and "lives her own life." This includes several men friends and frequent visits to some not very reputable "pubs." Quite casually she meets

Lenare

MISS SARAH SALT

whose new novel, "Strange Combat" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this article. The book deals with the life of a journalist-adventuress

Andrew, who is the most beautiful young boxer ever born to be always looking for (and never finding) a decent job. Andrew lives in a childish dream. He is always going to be a world's champion and rich. He is going to mix on terms of equality with lords and ladies. Meanwhile, Fate is astoundingly cruel towards him. He never has a penny to call his own, and if he does succumb to a girl's friendly attentions, there is always trouble.

AND Jane falls for him as they say, good and proper. She takes charge of him, is introduced by him to the boxing world, watches him fight, and gives him a purely platonic bed in her flat. And Andrew, who insists that the affair really must be platonic, is grateful—for a time. But these very modern women who say such extraordinary things, and sometimes get drunk—how can a decent fellow respect them? Their quarrels become serious, particularly when money is required for a little girl in the background. The quarrels lead to insults, and finally to tragedy of the ghastliest kind.

THE whole book reads, indeed, like the bitterest truth. This is a possible prelude to a dozen sad police cases which receive long reports in the Sunday newspapers. It is told, moreover, in a breathlessly exciting way. You may call Jane all sorts of names, but you cannot help being sorry for her. When an Andrew comes along, even if he be without brains, a waster and something worse, there is no knowing what may not happen. And Miss Salt is so vivid, so ruthless and so understanding that it is as though you were being drawn into the whole tragic affair yourself. I honestly believe it to be a very remarkable book.

YOU will find some little tragi-comedies of life, told with an almost equal directness, though with far more discretion, by Miss Josephine Blumenfeld in *Shrimps for Tea* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*). The "shavings of life," their publisher calls these short sketches and stories, and perhaps the words are not ill-chosen. With a few sure touches the writer manages to see her stage, and without a superfluous word unfolds her little dramas. Not all the women are Janes, though some of them find life to be quite as cruel as she does. This, I believe, is Miss Blumenfeld's first book: it makes one look forward with pleasant anticipation to the day when she will publish her first novel.

THEN there is Mr. Charles Graves's amusingly discursive pot-pourri called—*And the Greeks* (Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Strictly speaking, I suppose, it ought to be called *A Guide to All the Really Smart Places*. In reality it is a joyously personal account of men and things met and seen in the course of Mr. Graves's holiday rambles. You can gather how diverse are its contents when I mention the fact that P. G. Wodehouse provides an introduction and Bernard Shaw a letter on marriage. (He, by the way, was invited to Mr. Graves's wedding, and refused to go for lack of the right clothes, but he sent enough money to buy a suit instead.) Dining, ski-ing, swimming, gambling, doing nothing in particular in a a picturesque way, making friends and keeping them even after he has turned them into newspaper "gossip"—these seem to be Mr. Graves's chief activities, and his quaintly illustrated book puts you into the best of good tempers.

The BEGUM AGA KHAN wearing the Worth gown and jewels by Cartier in which she was presented at Their Majesties' third Court

THE "NEW TAILORING"— The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth

When Time is a Factor

It is one of life's ironies that morning clothes—the clothes which least admit of compromise—are the ones which a man, especially at this time of the year, is most likely to need with sudden urgency. A circumstance which has caused many men to make their first acquaintance with the "New Tailoring."

Realising that morning dress makes the utmost demands upon the tailor's art, they sometimes come prepared to make allowances for morning clothes that are completely tailored—ready for service. This is understandable but unnecessary. "New Tailoring" morning clothes are faultlessly tailored from superb cloth. They can be fitted at once with an accuracy that defies criticism.

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AUSTIN REED'S of REGENT STREET

AT THE PLAY

PLAYS ANCIENT AND MODERN

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "The Last Chapter," at the New Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

Victor Gresham (Owen Nares) begging Nan Fitzgerald (Joyce Kennedy), one of the earlier chapters in his life, to try to be a good little girl in "The Last Chapter," at the New Theatre

"Liberty Hall," at the Kingsway Theatre

THEATRE-GOERS old enough to remember the plays of the very early 'nineties will have little difficulty in recalling *Liberty Hall*, by R. C. Carton, which George Alexander produced at the St. James's Theatre in 1892, and with success, though stern critics of the time even then considered that this play was a little old-fashioned.

IT is this sentimental—very sentimental—drama which has been chosen by the management of the Kingsway Theatre for their second interesting experiment designed to show a younger generation the type of play which Father and Mother liked.

THE story, indeed, hurls back the calendar with devastating force, for even in the 'nineties it is hardly possible to credit a heroine so muddle-minded that her pride of race allows her to sponge on a hard-up, low-born, elderly uncle by marriage and never turn a finger to helping in household duties left to the far-from-tender mercies of an elderly "char."

AS for the construction, the soliloquy, as was usual in those days, is used perpetually, but even those who still have a good word to say for this old-fashioned device could hardly defend the incident when the hero hands a sealed letter to the heroine which she opens and reads aloud while he stands within six feet of her, and then artlessly remarks to the bearer, "Do you know the contents of this letter?"

THE dialogue is one mass of similes and metaphors employed by almost every character except the drunken "char." This unnatural method of speech was, I believe, known in the past as "sparkling." Strangely enough, such utterly misplaced ingenuity does not grate upon the ear, this being due, I think, to the fact that as one does not believe in the characters their method of speech is not disturbing.

A YOUNG company not brought up in the old-fashioned school has naturally some difficulty in dealing with the artificiality of this old play, which has been produced with loving care by D. A. Clarke-Smith. Lawrence Hanray, however, has been on the stage long enough to set a good example to the younger members, and was a tower of senile strength as an old bookseller. Joan Maude, as the haughty heroine, tackled her task with spirit and success; Joyce Moore made an appealing little sister; and good work in minor parts was supplied by George Merritt—made up like the late William Whiteley—May Agate, and St. John Medley. At the start Deering Wells was so at sea in the part of the hero that I thought he was attempting burlesque, but in the following acts, where lightness of touch was not necessary, he improved enormously.

IT is interesting to note that they gave value in the old days, for *Liberty Hall* is no 9-to-11 show, but provides delightful entertainment for the full three hours' traffic of the stage.

Fletcher (Edgar Norfolk) after a spot of trouble with one of the heroines

"The Last Chapter," at the New Theatre

A TYPICAL specimen of the new form of drama which is as far removed from *Liberty Hall* as is the Cape from Cairo was on view last week at the New Theatre, where *The Last Chapter*, by Edith and Edward Ellis, was presented. The modern note was struck at the start when the epilogue was staged first instead of last, a form of procedure which would never have entered the head of a Victorian dramatist!

IN that epilogue we see a best-seller novelist dead in his chair with a revolver bullet safely imbedded in his heart, and everything points to its being a case of common or garden suicide—which, of course, it was not—and the rest of the play is a throwback showing why this bullet found its billet.

YES, it was a case of murder, and one of the weaknesses of this thriller is that the authors have hardly played fair, for, by a series of coincidences which stretch the long arm to a length undreamt of by the Inquisition torturers, things are made much too easy for the murderer!

IT was chance that the novelist was about to finish his book. It was chance that the hero of it should draw himself in it as the principal character. It was chance that the idea of suicide as an ending should come into the author's mind. It was almost chance that the author should leave behind him what was really "copy" admitting that no one was to blame but himself.

WHEN out for revenge, the murderer could never have guessed that Fate would so play into his hands, and, therefore, it leaves us wondering how the murderer would have achieved his object had not Fate—or, rather, the authors—been so accommodating as to allow him to get away with it!

I DOUBT, also, whether dramatists of earlier days would have selected as a hero one of the most objectionable cads who has ever been seen on the stage. Practically the entire evening is devoted to showing us the women he has seduced, as well as one whom he hopes to! Worse still, in addition to being a champion runner in the seduction stakes, this perfect little gentleman makes copy of his adventures in his novels, and does not try to camouflage his characters. In fact, so indiscreetly—to put it mildly—does he write that a husband recognises his wife as one of the author's mistresses, with consequences most unpleasant to that sinner.

ANOTHER fault of the play is that it harps with damnable iteration on this one seduction string, and, in consequence, before the evening is over we get more and more disgusted with the novelist hero, and more and more bored with his amours past and present.

I THINK a mistake was made in casting Owen Nares for this type of supreme cad. He acted the part well and gave it personal charm, but the play would have had more guts if there had been no attempt at creating sympathy. This creature was better dead, and that's all there is to be said about him.

AMONG the multifarious women who crowd the stage, Joyce Kennedy was effective in the showy part of a dope fiend; Kay Hammond added another Cockney picture to her gallery of Cockayne; Lydia Sherwood imparted a touch of colour to a rather colourless part; while Edgar Norfolk once again gave a very clever performance, this time as a servant.

IT will be observed that I have given no clue as to the identity of the murderer. If I did so it would detract from what interest the play possesses, for it is, indeed, "one of them there"!

V. W.

More of the Hero's earlier chapters. "Foxey" Dennison (Kay Hammond) and Carlotta Barbe (Dorothy Black). He loved them all!

Victor Gresham (Owen Nares) having a "chin-chin" with Jean Sinclair (Lydia Sherwood) the latest chapter in his life

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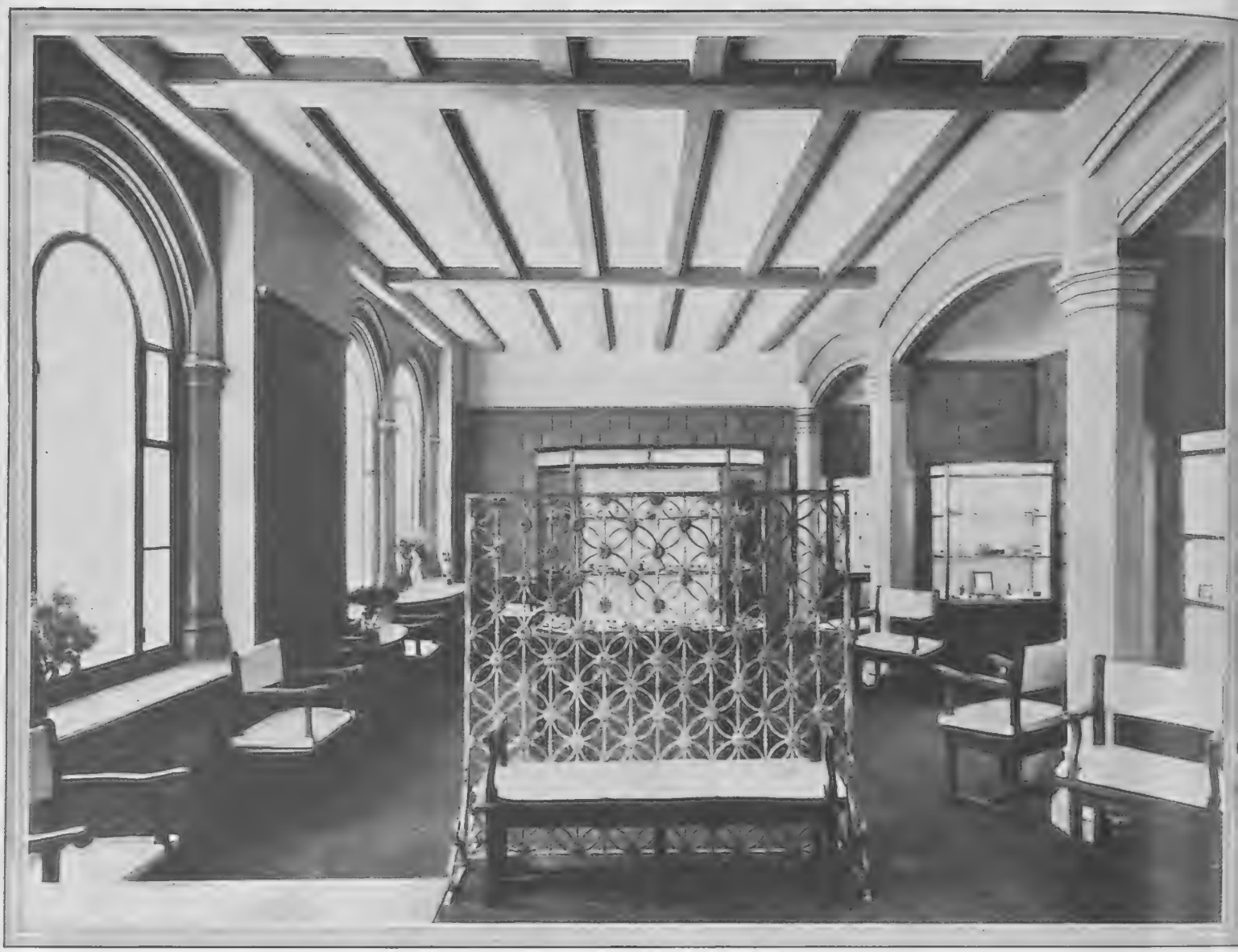

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A SLENDER SUIT OF CLOSELY PATTERNED LACE

Beige lace is used for this summer day suit from Woolland's, of Knightsbridge. The frock softly moulds the figure to the hips, where there are two deep tucks, the skirt being box pleated all the way round. A little cape adorns the sleeveless coat, and the hat is of natural-coloured ballibuntal with an inset of black velvet on the crown

MUSLIN HATS with ROSEBUD WREATHS

By Olive Caley Smith

Two lovely Ascot dresses which show the fashionable ankle-length hemline. The one on the left comes from Jeanne and is made of tawny-hued printed chiffon, while the White House ensemble on the right is expressed in blue-and-pink-patterned mousseline de soie

Summer Flowers

YOUTH will be well served this Summer, for the long, graceful dresses of the Spring have paved the way for picture frocks of organdie and muslin, ankle-length and very demure. Trimmed with rows of narrow Valenciennes lace, or embroidered with small scattered flowers, they are enchantingly fresh and ingenuous, especially when they are made in delicate pastel hues and accompanied by floppy Leghorn or muslin hats. Colourful posies of field flowers weighting the brim at one side, or wreaths of wheat and poppies, are greatly favoured, while a charming idea is to encircle the head with a bandeau of tiny moss rosebuds, placing them beneath the brim so that it lifts across the face in the way that is so fashionable. The older woman may proclaim her knowledge of millinery lore by placing either a single gardenia or a cluster of these blooms on the crown at the back of the hat, where the brim is completely cut away.

Garden-party Dresses

HEAVY suède crêpe in a lovely pale yellow was used for a very attractive sleeveless dress which was shown by Jean Philippe, of 14, Grosvenor Street, in her interesting mid-Season collection of summer clothes. The bodice was seamed from the yoke to the waist, and groups of pleats in the skirt preserved an unbroken line to the hem. There was a neat turned-down white collar and a matching threequarter length coat, the ensemble being completed by an American sailor's hat in the same fabric. One lovely printed chiffon frock for the evening had a crêpe de Chine coat stamped with the same design, and an Ascot model in flowered chiffon had a similarly patterned moiré coat with an upstanding shawl collar.

Ascot Frocks and Lovely Lingerie

ORIGINALITY is the dominant factor of the lovely Ascot creations that are to be found at The White House, 51, New Bond Street, whose luxurious new premises were recently declared open by H.E. the French Ambassador. Sketched on the right at the head of this page is a striking example in blue mousseline de soie patterned with a flowing design of flowers in the new Chanel pink. Plain blue insets stress the graceful lines of the frock, the little coat having a scarf collar which ties in a loose bow at the back. There is marvellously embroidered lingerie to wear beneath such frocks, and a word must be said about the breakfast nighties with matching coatees. Imagine the charm of a robe de nuit expressed in blue ninon with a deep peach-coloured hem and motifs of point Beauvais embroidery. This order of things is reversed in the coat, which has a peach-coloured yoke and sleeves with a blue hem and wide handkerchief cuffs.

Graceful Gowns

ALL in quest of maternity gowns should make a point of visiting Jeanne, of Quadrant Arcade, 80, Regent Street, who specialises in such frocks for day and evening wear, all the clothes being made in her own workrooms. Not only does she excel in this direction, but she has also a very interesting collection of ordinary dresses, ranging in price from four guineas, for formal and informal occasions. For instance, she is responsible for the first of the Ascot ensembles illustrated on this page. Made in yellow chiffon, patterned with faint black leaves and tawny berries, the very full skirt has two flared frills, one carried up in a point at the front, and the other forming a double tier at the back, where the swathed hip-band is tied in a bow. A tiny divided cape falls from the shoulders, softening the high waistline in a very flattering manner. Jeanne also has very attractive sports and town hats from one guinea.

A Centre of Interest

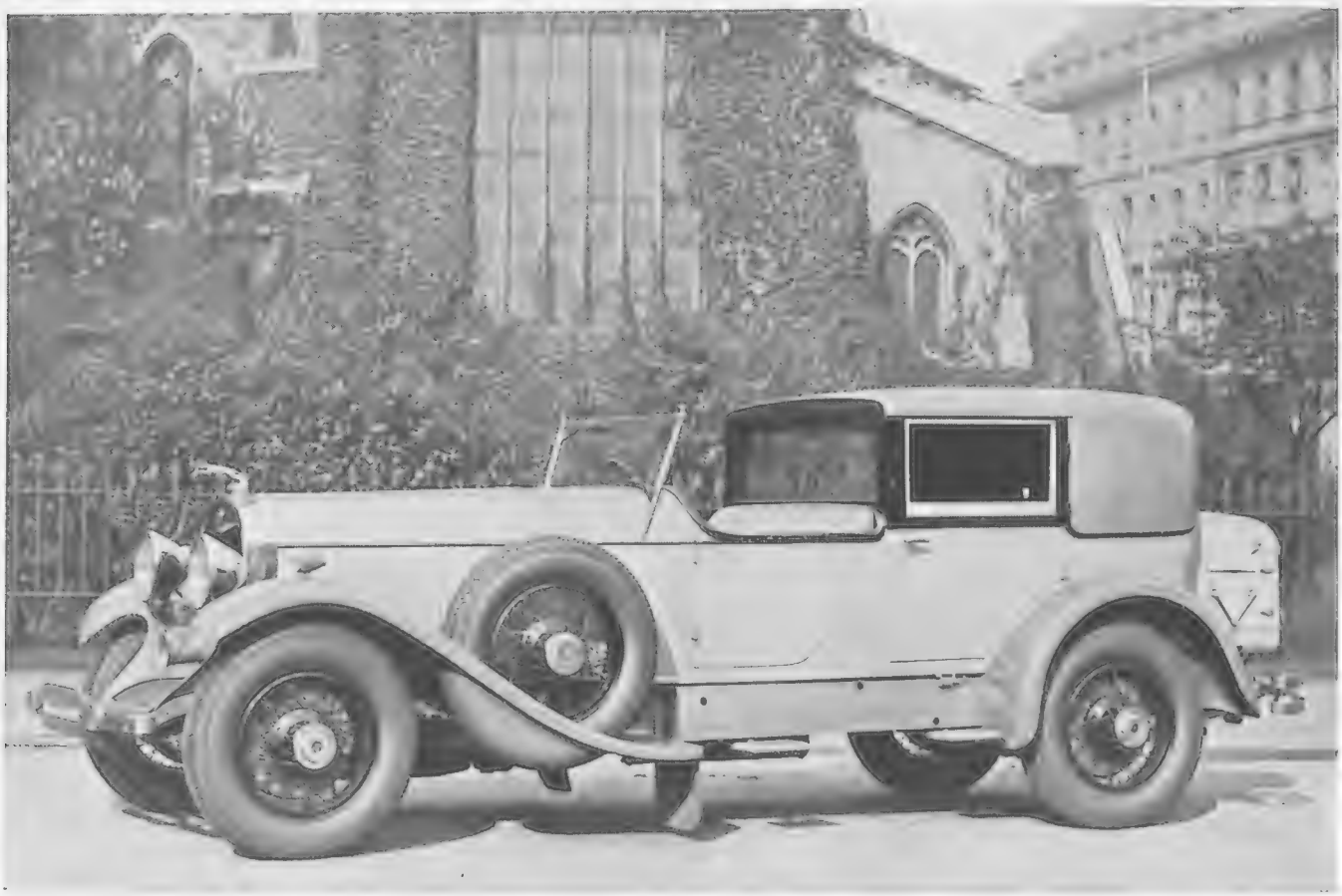
A GREAT centre of attraction in Oxford Street and Regent Street is Peter Robinson's extensive windows, where there is at present a special display of fashions for Ascot. In the gown section on the first floor there are some really beautiful models as well as delightful two-piece ensembles of printed chiffon which are very moderately priced; while in other parts of the building there are distinctive hats, sunshades, handbags, and all those other accessories which go to make a perfect toilette.

Cigarini

WINIFRED SHOTTER

The charming young lady who has been the heroine in several of the successful Aldwych farces in which Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn have been the leading lights, and is now playing in the latest Ben Travers farce at that theatre, "A Night Like This." She scored a big success in the talkie version of "Rookery Nook," in which all the original company appeared

THE LINCOLN



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MOTOR NOTES

LOW GEAR IN LOVERS' LANE

By E. M. Wright

A ROYAL FLEET

During their recent visit to Egypt Their Majesties the King and Queen of Belgium had at their disposal a fleet of Lincoln cars. The above exclusive photograph shows Their Majesties entering one of the cars at the museum in Alexandria

WE motorists are a pampered lot. Our cars have been improved until even the retired colonel's plaint that they are not what they were in his young days is perfectly true. Our roads are so smooth and dustless that you can slide for yards and yards without feeling anything. The Government prints licence discs in beautiful coloured papers, a different one for each quarter, lest we should muddle them up. It presents every new car with a nice little buff folder at birth. Our police are the politest in the world, as every American tells us, and we are promised courts and even cops of our own.

***

BUT all this is as nothing to what our motoring organisations do for us for the beggarly fee of a couple of guineas or so a year. The A.A. or the R.A.C. will do everything for the motorist except put him to bed. They will work you out a tour, so that what was once an exciting adventure into the unknown becomes a mere matter of reading directions on a standardised strip, and that monstrosity, the map, is needed no more. They have robbed touring abroad or at home of its terrors. Why, you cannot even break down at home here without being interfered with by one of their road patrols. At every function of importance they take charge of the car parks so that we can run away and play. Who will say that we motorists are not a pampered lot?

***

AND now the Automobile Association's latest service to members is related in a communiqué which has just reached me. In cold, matter-of-fact terms and merely, we are informed, "in response to several requests from members," it tells us where we may hear the nightingale! Can it be that, having hitherto confined its attention to the comforts of the body, it is now in search of fresh fields of endeavour and is turning its attention to Higher Things? Here is a formidable list, though it is confined to Surrey. (Is Surrey the only county where nightingales sing?) You may hear them as near London as Ashtead, near Burford Bridge, Burnt Common, Newlands Corner, Jackson's Corner, Witley Common, Wareham Hill, Burgh Heath, Ifield, and near Pound Hill, in Sussex. But "motorists are reminded that the birds are very easily disturbed by noise caused by running engines and horn blowing."

***

IN some ways the communiqué disappoints me. It does not say whether benches have been inspected and reserved in places where the moon may be observed "in response to requests from members," where the proverbially romantic gleams of fitful light will melt the heart of the girl friend beside us, nor whether the Association has arranged a suitable park for her relations. Perhaps, however, there will be no need to leave the warmth of the car. Though Keats should turn in his grave, what is to prevent the modern poet from composing an Ode to a Nightingale in the back seat of a family five-seater? He has done worse things. At any rate, we members may now look forward to many a happy hour spent in the pale moonlight wandering, with low gear engaged, down lovers' lane; and I welcome this evidence that Cupid has come to Fanum House.

A FAMILY CAR

A new Wolseley "Hornet" six-cylinder car outside the entrance to Castle Bromwich Hall. This popular model combines comfort with efficiency

***

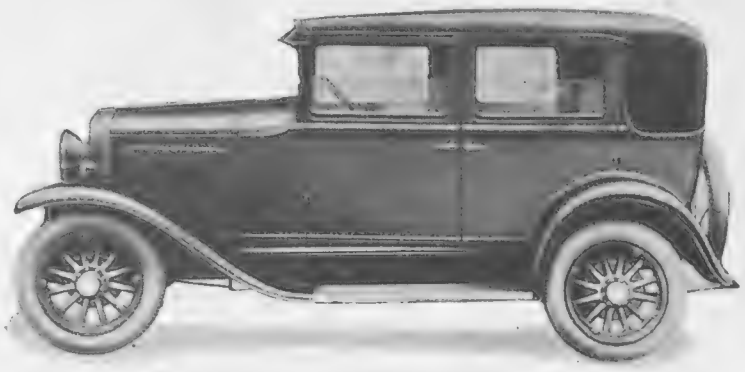
SOME extraordinary stories as to motoring conditions in England appear in the foreign Press. One of the best to reach me is in the form of a highly imaginative and sensational picture in a German magazine. It depicts two typically English "Bobbies" in the act of throwing coloured bombs at a car racing past. The caption reads: "New methods against speeding. In England they are attempting to mark reckless cars with colour grenades." As a matter of fact, this is not so very wide of the mark. Some two or three years ago, I remember, when public outcry first arose that something ought to be done to check motor car bandits and smash-and-grab raiders, patents were taken out, and, as far as I remember, a company was formed to exploit a form of

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

coloured bomb in the shape of a ball about the size and weight of a tennis ball. Each policeman was to carry a number. As the runaway car passed, a bomb was thrown, burst, and scattered its contents of indelible colour all over the coachwork. This was sufficient to attract attention anywhere and to lead to the arrest of the party, or at least the car, if and when it came to a standstill—for instance, in a traffic jam. It was one of the many attempts to deal with the motor bandit which appear to have come to nothing. And now, years after, an imaginative German has applied it to cars whose only offence is exceeding the speed limit.

"Seeing" Engine Knock

IN order actually to measure the amount of knock in an engine, a novel apparatus for testing different types of petrol and showing their effect on the engine has been designed by the technical experts of the Anglo-American Oil Company, and a fleet of cars fitted with the device has recently been touring the country, giving demonstrations in centres as far apart as Leeds, Glasgow, Birmingham, Exeter, and Hastings. The apparatus consists of a single-cylinder engine fitted at the back of a two-seater car. An ingenious device in the cylinder head is electrically linked up with a switchboard on which are a number of lamps. The amount of knock in the engine can be measured by watching the intensity of the flashes in the lamps. There is also an indicator which shows the amount of power generated. The engine is switched over from one kind of fuel to another by simply turning a tap. On changing over from ordinary No. 1 fuel to Ethyl, the power indicator shows an increase of 12 to 15 per cent., and there is a corresponding decrease in the amount of knock. It will be remembered that the Government Committee set up to enquire into the allegations made against Ethyl petrol has just recently reported very favourably upon it.



FIRST PRIZE!

The Willys Whippet Four Saloon which Messrs. Willys Overland Crossley are offering as first prize in a novel competition. Particulars may be obtained from the above firm at Heaton Chapel, Stockport

What is "Safety" Glass?

ALTHOUGH the Americans were slow to adopt safety glass in the first place, they are now using it probably more extensively than we are. Taxicabs, so the Triplex people tell me, in quite a number of cities must now be fitted with "scatterproof" glass, and several States have proposed making it compulsory on all public vehicles. Incidentally, an assurance association in Massachusetts has estimated that with the general adoption of safety glass the number of accidents in the United States could be reduced by about 350,000 a year! It must be remembered, however, that not all the glass that is labelled "safety" lives up to its name. An official standard is urgently needed, for I have recently seen the results of tests in which some makes of alleged "safety" glass proved to be just as liable to shatter as ordinary window glass.

***

A BOOK which will interest those in search of new touring grounds is "The Roads of Spain," by the well-known authority, Mr. Charles L. Freeston, F.R.G.S. (Humphrey Toulmin: 10s. 6d.). Spain is becoming increasingly popular as a touring ground for British motorists, and this new book, which, I believe, is the only one dealing exhaustively with motor touring in that country, is full of useful information of every kind. A pocket at the back contains a map, and, in addition to chapters describing different parts of the country, with numerous illustrations, and a list of general and local information offices, there are over forty suggested itineraries, giving both total and intermediate distances. E. M. W.

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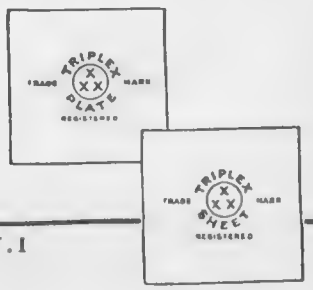

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SHOOTING NOTES

Sport and General

The coaching season is now in full swing, and above is seen the Greyhound stage coach outside Great Fosters, Windsor Forest, after its run from the Berkeley Hotel, London. Great Fosters, now a country hotel, was once one of Queen Victoria's hunting boxes

RABBIT STALKING

By "Clodhopper"

THERE are numbers of well-grown young rabbits to be seen feeding in the meadows bordering upon the warrens and honeycombed banks at the present time. A fortnight hence, therefore, quite good sport with a miniature rifle may be had among the "conies," especially during early morning and evening, although in dry weather a few unsophisticated graziers may generally be found sitting out at all hours of the day, particularly after a light shower of rain. An accurately sighted .22 rifle and long bulleted cartridges are ideal for this class of shooting.

THE all-important question as to whether the rifle be fitted with an open back-sight of the ordinary V or U pattern, a bar, an aperture or a telescopic sight must be left to the decision of the shooter himself. For a man blessed with a keen eye and a steady hand, an open back-sight and a fine bead fore-sight will suffice for accurate shooting. But, unhappily, good eyesight, unlike good wine, does not improve with age, and the majority of sportsmen who have passed the fortieth "milestone" would be well advised in having a Lyman "peep-sight" and a clearly defined ivory-tipped bead foresight fitted to their rook and rabbit rifles. Best of all for anyone of defective vision, and for rabbit shooting in a poor or fading light, is a reliable and accurately cross-lined telescopic sight with a good field. Unfortunately, however, good telescopic rifle sights are confoundedly expensive.

A STRAIGHT eye and a steady hand are by no means the only essentials that lead to success in this particular kind of shooting. Woodcraftsmanship, the lay of the land, skill in approaching noiselessly—up-wind if possible—taking advantage of available cover, and many other things must be practised when stalking the humble rabbit in the open. And, what is more important still, there should be a hill, quarry, bank, or high ground of some description to act as a butt for ricochets and stray bullets. Needless to add, a shot should never be fired in the direction of a neighbouring unprotected highway or footpath. The fact that a miniature sporting rifle will carry a far greater distance than the range it is sighted up to must be borne in mind. Upon one occasion I killed a harnessed antelope, dead as a stone, with a .22 bullet at over 70 yards.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

WATCH THE WEATHER

AT the time of writing the breeding pairs of partridges, which have been more in evidence than for many years past, have given place to single birds—one of them is sitting. From about the 10th of June onwards, with the third week in the month the most critical, the shooting man will watch the weather with an interest unlike that bestowed at any other time of year. To the newly arrived brood a week of genial climate is all-important, a fortnight is better, and so on. According to Hipgrave the cold that accompanies certain types of rainy weather is more harmful than mere wetness. Violent thunderstorms are, of course, calamitous. Mr. R. Sharpe, the expert on dog training and a keeper by profession, once stated that he obtained the best of all weather reports for judging partridge prospects throughout the country by reading the cricket column in his daily paper. Matches interrupted or abandoned on account of storm made him sad, those carried out according to programme set his mind at rest. Although weather tendencies can never be foretold there is a fairly uniform alternation between dry and unsettled periods, usually of very approximate three-monthly duration. Unsettled conditions have prevailed since Easter; hence a good hay-making season is not improbable. The actuality will be of more than ordinary interest in this season of plentiful and extremely healthy stock.

EVEN as the "Badminton Library" has, during the past forty-five years, been regarded by the older school of sportsmen as the ultima thule of authoritative sporting literature, so, too, will the "Lonsdale Library" be accepted by those of the younger generation who, like their fathers before them, find clean and healthful pleasure in the pursuit of various branches of field sport and open-air pastimes. As, no doubt, the readers of these Notes are aware, the Lonsdale series contain the most up-to-date and exhaustive information regarding field sports and games, by some of the best-known authorities of the day. The editors are the Earl of Lonsdale and Mr. Eric Parker, both of whom are famous in the world of sport.

"FINE Angling for Coarse Fish," which forms the fourth volume of the "Lonsdale Library," is, as its title implies, a treatise on the most modern methods of angling for freshwater fish other than salmon, trout, grayling and char, all of which, of course, come under the category of game-fish. The book, which is profusely illustrated with photographs and diagrams, opens with a chapter on the literature of coarse fishing by Mr. Eric Parker, who, in his usual charming and finished style, discusses notable piscatorial works, from "Ædfric the Abbot's Colloquy," written in Anglo-Saxon at the end of the tenth century, to more modern past-masters of the rod and pen, including H. T. Sheringham, who succeeded Senior as Angling Editor of *The Field*.

TO do justice to a volume of 350 pages and 148 illustrations within the very limited space at my disposal is obviously impossible. Not only is every up-to-date method of angling for every kind of coarse fish, from giant pike and aldermanic carp down to gudgeon, bleak, and other small fry, very fully described, with the assistance of diagrams and photographs in "Fine Angling for Coarse Fish," but such interesting and all-important matters as rods and lines, tackle and baits, knots and splices, are treated exhaustively.

THE guns in trust with Harrison and Hussey, Ltd., have been removed to 7, Bury Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1, where the manager, Mr. R. W. Howe, has joined the old-established firm of Messrs. Stephen Grant and Joseph Lang, Ltd., gun and rifle makers.

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Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

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DOGS

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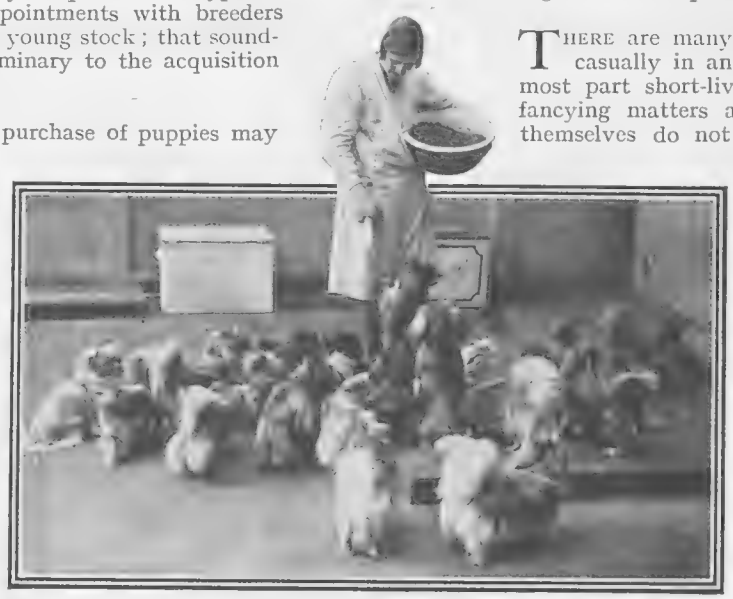
By "THE KENNELMAN"

SPILLERS are benching and feeding the best of the Devonshire Dog Shows at Exeter to-day, Wednesday; and on Friday Spratts bench and feed the Royal Counties Show at Reading. There are Shows at Taunton to-morrow, and at Leeds on Saturday; and Wednesday and Thursday of next week bring others at Windsor (in the Home Park) and Epping, respectively; all useful occasions for the study of points and type in all breeds, and for making appointments with breeders for the inspection of kennels and young stock; that soundest and always fascinating preliminary to the acquisition of new favourites.

READERS enquiring about the purchase of puppies may safely take it that there is no better season than the present—it's a mistake to leave it till later—with a good stretch of outdoor weather ahead. It is not possible to give hard and fast detail as to prices to be paid. Show specimens, the pick of champion-bred litters, naturally fetch long prices; but, on the other hand, at about five guineas for the smaller varieties and from five to ten for the big fellows, it is generally possible to pick up perfectly sound specimens of the best possible breeding Where minor technical shortcomings (not affecting soundness, but only the detail of points and type) are not considered, even lower figures will sometimes serve. But it's a pity to haggle over choice of a friend for years. In every case it's best to go direct to the breeder, and to see the pups in their native habitat. Also, along with the pedigree form, insist on having a written diet sheet, showing exact feeding. Don't trust to memory of casual remarks, for "the breed goes in at the mouth," and correct feeding is the basis of successful rearing and development.

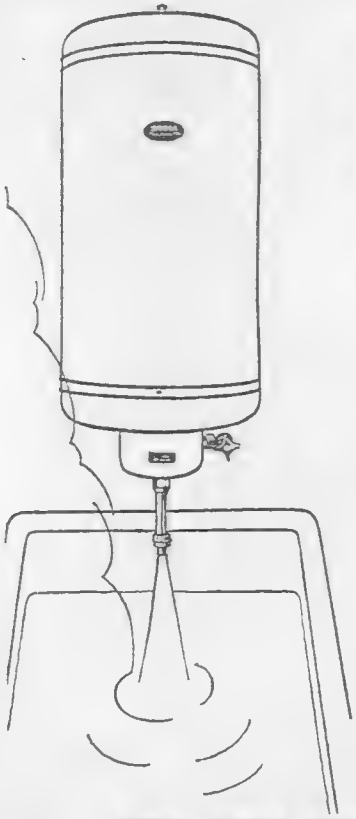


Wide World

"COME TO THE COOKHOUSE DOOR!"

A fine collection of Pekes eagerly awaiting their food at the kennels. They are the property of Mrs. Sybil Whitehead, of Ifield, Sussex, and between them have won numerous prizes and trophies

THERE are many hobbies whose followers drift casually in and out, enthusiasm being for the most part short-lived. But in the world of Dog-fancying matters are far otherwise. Freemasons themselves do not stick more faithfully to their craft, and once doggy always doggy seems to be a general rule. At all the big Shows one meets veteran fanciers who can spin you yarns of their boyhood among Dogs. Lieut.-Col. Richardson's "Forty Years with Dogs" is a book which gives interesting records of how the pull of the cult endures. More noticeably than most characteristics it "runs" in families, beginning with that of our own Royal House. The other day "Our Dogs" reminded its readers how, fifty-two years ago, Mr. Newman Hall, of Subiaco, Western Australia, got a smooth Fox Terrier from a huntsman of the Albrighton, has ever since been breeding, exhibiting and judging Fox Terriers with conspicuous success.



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PAIN DE PRUNES À LA CRÈME.

CROÛTES AU FOIE.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Truite à la Meunier

SCALE a trout and remove the fins; wash and dry it in a clean cloth; place in a baking tin and pour over it some melted butter. Season with pepper and salt, chopped parsley and shallot. Place in a moderate oven and cook gently for twenty to twenty-five minutes according to size. Dish up on a hot silver dish and serve black butter

Beurre Noir.—Fry 2 oz. of fresh butter to a deep golden colour, and put into it two tablespoonfuls of slightly chopped parsley; when the parsley is crisp pour it, with the butter, into a sauceboat. Pour a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar into the pan and let it boil. Pour this over the butter and serve.

The menu of a 5s. luncheon served at the Majestic Hotel, Harrogate. It is signed by Mr. W. Davies, Manager of the Hotel

Poulet à la Chasseur

CUT a young chicken down the back and flatten it out. Lay it for an hour in a marinade of oil, lemon juice, and sliced onion. Egg and breadcrumb the chicken and broil over a clear fire. Serve garnished with watercress, tossed up in oil and vinegar. Serve brown sauce in a boat flavoured with sherry.

Pain de Prunes à la Crème

STEW 1 lb. of French plums till soft. Crack the stones and take out the kernels. Fill a mould with these and the plums, and pour over some lemon jelly coloured with cochineal. Turn out and serve with whipped cream round it, or if made in a mould with hole in centre fill up with the whipped cream.

Croûtes au Foie

TAKE some cooked chicken livers, mince and rub them through a wire sieve, moistening with stock. Heat with a little gravy, butter, pepper and salt. Have ready a round fried bread croûton, and place on it a neat round of fried bacon. Put some of the liver on each and serve very hot.

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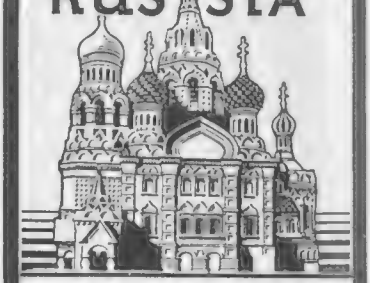
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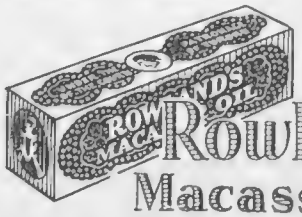

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A useful commodity for that morning ordeal of shaving is the Allegro Automatic honing and stropping machine. This is a device that combines in one machine the stone for honing and the leather for stropping. Tests by microscope have proved its reliability and efficiency, and its price of 15*s.* 6*d.* is by no means expensive, since it saves a great deal of time and trouble. A booklet with further particulars can be had on application to the Allegro Machine Co., 23A, Old Bond Street, London.

For Polo Enthusiasts

An extremely interesting book just published is the 1930 "Polo Year Book," which can be procured at a price of 2*s.* 6*d.* It deals fully with the various clubs and their fixtures, while there are special articles on the international tournaments. In addition there is a great deal of useful general information and a wide selection of interesting photographs.

The Royal Counties Show

From to-day (June 4th) until Saturday (June 7th) will be held the Royal Counties Agricultural Society's and the Hackney Horse Society's combined show at Reading. Some 43 classes are being provided by the Hackney Society, all of which will be judged on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and the excellent entries which have been received for the driving events should add materially to the attractions in the great horse ring. For one of the ladies' driving classes there are no fewer than nineteen entries, and in many others the entries run into double figures. Other spectacular features of this year's Show will be the ten coaches competing in the Four-in-Hand Class on Friday, and the nine which will turn out for the Marathon on Saturday. A competition for handy hunters is another recent innovation, and one which on occasion gives rise to much amusement amongst the spectators. These events, interspersed with the usual jumping, riding, trade turn-out and other classes, parades of cattle and horses, should furnish an interesting and diversified programme which it would be hard to beat. One can only hope that the weather also will be up to scratch.

At the Chelsea Flower Show Messrs. Gaze exhibited the above ornamental garden. It has a circular summerhouse, having two bays open, one leading on to a pergola, which is composed of rough stone columns and woodwork of ash, and the other looking out on to a pool. There is an oak-studded door with iron grille at the back of the summerhouse, while encircling the garden on two sides is an old-fashioned wall with straw thatch coping

Smoke "Black Cat"

A novelty that will appeal to everyone—to boys in particular—is a beautifully enamelled mahogany model of a speed boat. This is 18 inches long, and is fitted with a strong spring motor, which enables the craft to travel with real bursts of speed. The model can be had free for 250 "Black Cat" cigarette coupons.

Lacoste on Tennis

A remarkably complete and lucid booklet on "How to Play Tennis" (Ed. J. Burrow and Co., 6*d.*) has been written by René Lacoste, holder of the world's Singles Champion's title, 1925 and 1928. He talks frankly to eleven imaginary players who display eleven common faults, and begins with the encouraging injunction, "Be champion of your club." He gives sound advice to the player who hits too hard; the man who has a good forehand stroke, but a bad back hand; the girl who cannot serve overhead; the player who is stylish in every stroke but cannot win a match, and so forth. Photographs of world-famous players in action are reproduced, as well as "close-up" pictures of their various types of grip.

London's Latest Restaurant

In the historic neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of the Nelson Column, a sumptuous new London restaurant was opened on Tuesday last. This is the Trafalgar Restaurant, at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, and it is notable for the dignified elegance of its decoration, its exceptional comfort, and the excellence of its cuisine. There is no cabaret show, the aim being to provide dinner or supper and dancing in an exclusive atmosphere at moderate charges combined with perfect attention.

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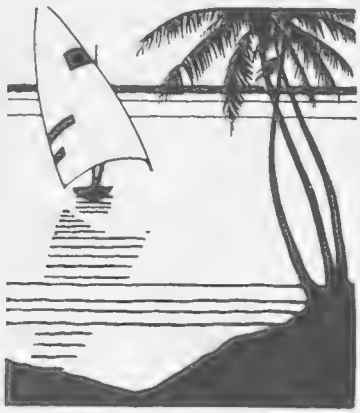

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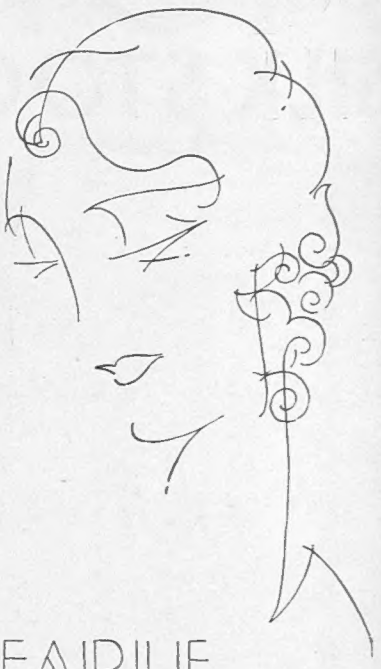

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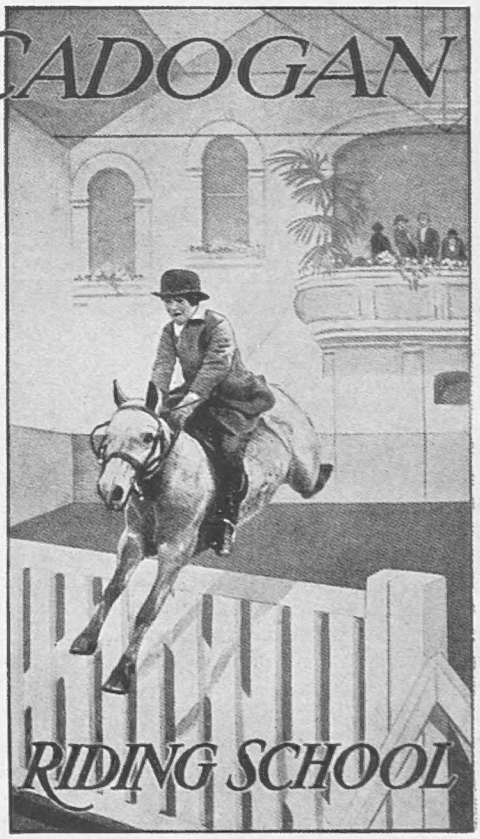

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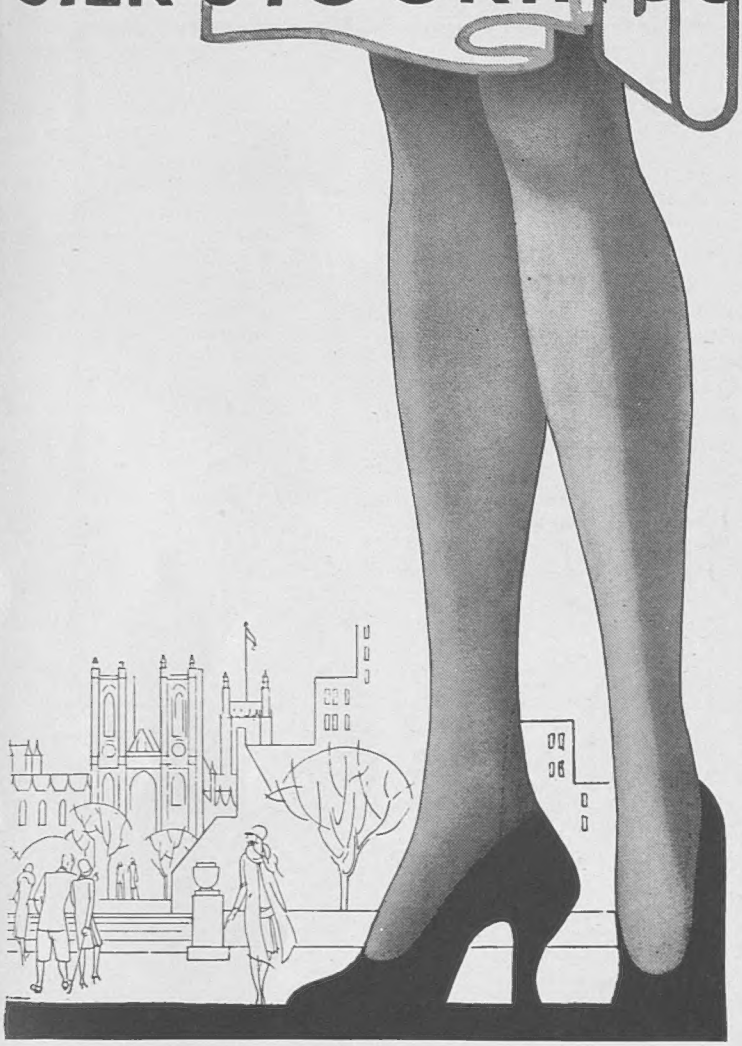

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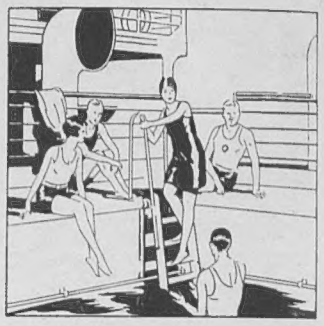

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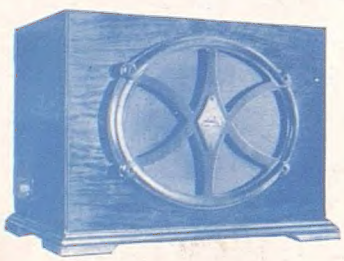

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